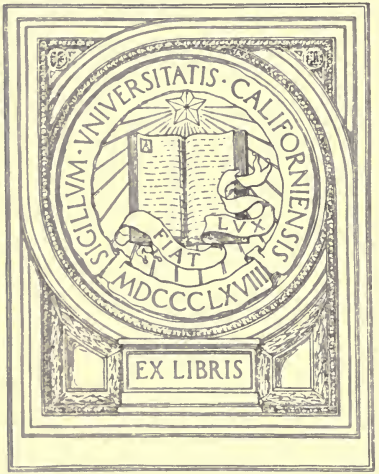
WINNING ORATIONS

INTER-COLLEGIATE CONTESTS

SOUTH DAKOTA

C. W. COURSEY

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



WINNING ORATIONS

Inter-Collegiate Contests
South Dakota

Compiled by O. W. Coursey, Author of:

Literature of South Dakota
Biography of General Beadle
The Philippines and Filipinos
Biography of Senator Kittredge
The Woman with a Stone Heart
Who's Who in South Dakota, Vol. I.
Who's Who in South Dakota, Vol. II.
History and Geography of the P. I.

[Vol. I]

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FOREWORD

The Dakota (now South Dakota) Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association was organized at Brookings, Dakota Territory, November 5, 1887. The educational institutions originally uniting in it were:

(1) The State University, Vermillion.
(2) The State College, Brookings.
(3) Dakota University (Methodist), Mitchell.
(4) Yankton College (Congregational).
(5) Sioux Falls College (Baptist).

Since that time the following schools have joined:

(6) Redfield College (German Congregational).
(7) Huron College (Presbyterian).

Augustana College (Scandinavian) at Canton, was later admitted to the Association, but it retained its membership only one year.

The first contest was held at Sioux Falls in the spring of 1888. Dakota University (now Dakota Wesleyan) was not represented in this contest, because this school had burned down that year. Since then, twenty-nine additional contests have been held to date (1917). On three occasions, the Orations that won second place in the State contest, won first place in the Inter-State. This made it necessary to publish both of the Winning Orations for each of these years—1899, 1906, 1907. The oration by Case which won the National Peace Contest in 1916, has also been added, making a total of thirty-four speeches in the volume. They cover a variety of subjects; are models of English composition, and seem worthy of preservation.

—THE AUTHOR.

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CONTENTS

Varney, G. R. 9
Chase, E. A. 15
Clark, Fred 21
Shepherd, A. C. 29
Barrington, J. W. 37
Stubbins, T. A. 45
Locke, Richard F. 51
Rowell, A. B. 57
Ewert, W. F. 63
McVay, Winifred 69
Colton, E. T. 77
Rodee, H. A. 85
Hubbard, Walter (Interstate) 93
Walton, Jas. A. 101
Noble, Edith 109
Hardy, Clarion 117
Bagstad, Anna 125
Crowther, Jas. E. 133
Tanner, Burton 141
Miles, Lou E. 149
Shearer, Ralph (Interstate) 157
Norvell, George 165
Warren, Howard (Interstate) 173
Dobson, John 181
Dobson, James 187
Alseth, C. A. 195
Leavitt, Harvey L. 203
Tibbetts, Roi B. 211
Pool, Floyd 219
Marble, Sam 227
Thomas, Clement 235
Nelson, S. P. 241
Husted, Harold 249
Case, Francis (Peace Contest) 257

INDEX

Alseth, C. A. 195
Bagstad, Anna 125
Barrington, J. W. 37
Case, Francis (Peace Contest) 257
Chase, E. A. 15
Clark, Fred 21
Colton, E. T. 77
Crowther, Jas. E. 133
Dobson, John 181
Dobson, James 187
Ewert, W. F. 63
Hardy, Clarion 117
Hubbard, Walter (Interstate) 93
Husted, Harold 249
Leavitt, Harvey L. 203
Locke, Richard F. 51
Marble, Sam 227
McVay, Winifred 69
Miles, Lou E. 149
Nelson, S. P. 241
Noble, Edith 109
Norvell, George 165
Pool, Floyd 219
Rodee, H. A. 85
Rowell, A. B. 57
Shearer, Ralph (Interstate) 157
Shepherd, A. C. 29
Stubbins, T. A. 45
Tanner, Burton 141
Thomas, Clement 235
Tibbetts, Roi B. 211
Varney, G. R. 9
Walton, Jas. A. 101
Warren, Howard (Interstate) 173

FIRST CONTEST (1888)

THE JEW

(G. R. VARNEY, SIOUX FALLS COLLEGE)

Religion is the foundation of all history. In its upheavals old social systems have disappeared and new ones have come into being. From it have sprung all forms of truth and all shapes of error. It is the controlling element whether in the life of an individual or of a nation. By it the past has been both guided and led astray. To it the future with broader charity must look for light.

The history of the Aryan race is an unending tale of conquest. With face toward the setting sun it has marched until the West is East and the course of its victories belts the earth. But from the hills and plains of Syria came those, who, in the range of morals and religion should conquer even the conquerors, and hold over the modern world unquestioned sway.

Up to the period when the record of the Jews passed from the sacred narrative their history is well known. They were contemporaries of Egypt, Chaldea and Troy. As the chosen people of God they had increased from the nomad family of Abraham to a mighty nation. They had defied the Pharaohs. The chariots of Assyria had gone back from their gates humbled. They had left a history luminous with heroic virtues.

But now they were a dismembered nation. They had crouched under Egyptian whips, and their bodies bore the seams of the cruel lash. As slaves they had built the palaces of Ninevah, and their limbs were galled by chains. In entering the further conflict of races they were but despicable opponents. Thus thought the sons of the captains of Alexander,

and they dragged them beneath the harrow of invasion. So thought the proud Caesars, and the Roman eagle darkened with his wings their sky and brought them into servitude. Their freedom had been for many years lost, when at Bethlehem the Greatest of the Jews was born. Him they crucified. This was their fatal error. Again and again they had defied disaster and outlived defeat. But now there were to be heaped against them the curses of a relentless hate. From the cross upon which the lowly Disturber of the peace had died there went forth teachings which should render immortal their Jerusalem, their Jordan, their Bethany, their Mount of Olives, and "whose leaves should be for the healing of the nations." But for the Jews, these teachings, through the perversions of a misguided zeal, were to spring up into a harvest of woe.

In the year 70, A. D., the fall of Jerusalem drove the entire Jewish nation from its home. Slowly, with broken hearts they went out in the darkness. The world was broad, but it afforded them no resting place. The gates of every city were closed against them, and the bitter cry "Anathema Maranatha" now hurled back upon them forbade their entrance. They became scattered throughout all Europe. Some at length found a home in Spain with the infidel Moors. But with the decline of Moslem authority their persecutions were renewed with increased bitterness. And finally, when the land had become almost as dear to them as their own Canaan, by a decree of Ferdinand and Isabella they were driven out. Along ways steep and rough, bearing the ashes of their kindred, they fled again from Christian into Pagan lands, and under the sway of the Sultans of the East they sought and found that charity which Christian Europe had denied. They were expelled from Portugal and were

obliged to leave their children in the hands of their persecutors, until in despair mothers threw their babes into the rivers and killed themselves. The story is everywhere the same. In the sunless dungeons of France, in the gloomy prisons of the Rhine, in the trackless forests of Russia the Jew was clutched like a wild beast and slain without mercy:—and all this in the name of Him who died praying "Father forgive them; for they know not what they do."

In the times when religious zeal was strongest, when nations were arousing themselves to rescue the Holy Sepulcher from dishonor, then the fagots were heaped highest about the Jew, and human ingenuity was exhausted in devising instruments of torture. Men and women of all ages, the most saintly and chivalrous, deemed it a virture to persecute them. They were expatriated by every government in Europe. The Magna Charta, which raised the first bulwark of civil liberty in England, contained a clause which drove the Jews beyond the borders of the British Isles. Even the most ardent champions of religious freedom had no regard for them. Luther despised them, and the followers of Cromwell forgot them in their prayers. But in spite of fire and sword and dungeon, through ages of barbaric cruelty, the intellectual and moral vigor of the race persisted and survived. Their thinkers stood upon the heights; and when the night had passed, upon the forehead of the Jew, Maimonides, there fell the first clear rays of dawn.

Though decimated in number the Jews emerged from the Middle Ages with their national faith unshaken. They had clung with tenacious hold to the old Judaic standards. When no longer able to fortify their loved city they had raised their law like an impregnable fortress, and not one jot or tittle had

passed from it. They had remained, moreover, pure in blood and with the strong lineaments of their race unchanged. But it is not strange that their rough contact with the Gentile world had left its impress upon them. The enforced employments of fifteen hundred years had ingrafted other traits than those which they had borne with them from Jerusalem. In Palestine they had been a race of husbandmen. Through their industry and thrift Judea had become as fertile as a garden. In Europe they became a race of brokers. Why? Not, as was now charged against them, because the Jew chose to live by means of graft instead of labor. But because as often as he had turned himself to other pursuits his lands had been confiscated, his harvests burned and all the labor of his hands destroyed by his merciless oppressors. The Jews became usurers not from choice but from necessity. If they secreted their wealth it was to hide it from the plunderer. If they became at length greedy in their money lending it was because every avenue had been closed to them except the one sordid channel. But they were changed for the worse in other ways than this. In the olden times the Hebrew's soul was as open as his sky, his brow was unclouded, his face wore the sunlight of an infinite trust and love. He came from the persecutions of the Middle Ages suspicious, revengeful, hissing the curses of a measureless contempt. He had learned to meet scorn with scorn, revenge with revenge. But shall we count it strange that the Jew, in obedience to his precept, "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," took, when he could, stern vengeance upon his foes, and forget that the Christian, enjoined to love his enemies, outdid him a thousand fold in deeds of cruelty?

In the Jew of the Sixteenth Century there was but little to admire. For ages famine and the sword

had done their worst upon it, and now the symmetry of the old Hebrew character was, for the greater part, destroyed. It had refused to perish utterly. But like the mountain pines which grow upon the crags and persist in spite of storms, it retained no element of beauty except its strength. Notwithstanding these facts the Christian world has, in modern times, held the Jewish race to a strict account for those faults of character which were developed by its own injustice.

When, after four centuries of banishment, the Jews were allowed to re-enter England, and when, in turn, the other governments of Europe had given them free access beyond their borders, when they had done with the baser forms of cruelty, a torture not less keen, though more refined, awaited them. They were allowed to re-enter England. Bow how? As social outcasts; as beings despised and hated; from whom the Gentile race should draw back its skirts in disdainful pride. This prejudice has stubbornly survived even to the present time. But though often well grounded in a narrow sense it cannot be justified in a broader view. To the proud nature of the Jew this humiliation was at first deep and bitter. But he was content to bide his time. He could force an unwilling recognition. Once free to act, the strength and versatility of the Hebrew mind began to assert themselves, and gradually rose into prominence. And when the wit of Heine had made all Europe hold its sides, when the name of Mendelssohn had been written beside that of Beethoven, when in philosophy the name of Spinoza had been enrolled above all others, when Castelar at the head of the Republicans in Spain had won the only real victory they had ever gained, when Lasker had torn the mask from German despotism, when the will of Gambetta had become sovereign in

France, and when at last after years of striving Disraeli waved his salute to England from his place beside her throne, then the world returned the salutation and paid its tardy homage to the Jew.

The Hebrew race, remarkable from whatever point of view, holds a place in history above all others. Its services to this world cannot be measured and should not be denied. If there are present causes of grievance, let it not be forgotten that two centuries cannot undo the work of a thousand years. Let it not be forgotten that this present age, which in spite of its so-called liberalism is more deeply religious than any other, owes, under Divine guidance, to the Hebrew race, the faith upon which it rests. And let the hope which was Disraeli's be shared by all;—that in a higher sense than they have dreamed the Zion of the Jews shall be restored, and that in that starlit temple, greater than the one of old, on a plane radiant with truth, Jew and Gentile shall bow together before their King, whose mantle of charity must cover all.

SECOND CONTEST (1899)

THE PURSUIT OF WEALTH

(E. A. CHASE, YANKTON COLLEGE)

When the early colonists left their native land, they left, also, their love of military life and glory. They sought this new world for the happiness of liberty and peaceful pursuits.

Here, where the disturbing element of war could not often appear, where the chief thought was for the individual, it seemed that a bright day of prosperity had dawned. Webster, catching the glories of the new morn fast breaking, was inspired to exclaim: "There is for us a noble pursuit to which the spirit of the time strongly invites us. Our proper business is improvement. Let our age be an age of improvement; in a day of peace let us advance the arts of peace. Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests."

The sound of these words seemed to vibrate throughout the land. With a mighty throb of life the nation springs forward to grasp the wonderful opportunities. The keen axe hews the majestic forests into magnificent structures. The pick and bar unlock the hidden stores. The steel points plow their way through the vast prairies, and turn the sod-covered surface into rich fields. The mighty Rockies resound with the heavy thud of the ponderous stamp crushing out the glittering gold. There remains scarcely place or substance that has not yielded something to this new industrial world. All this men have done. But what has all this done for them in return? In a day of peace they have called forth the powers of nature and built up great industries.

But these pursuits have recast the nation's thought in molds of gold. The simple purpose of providing the necessities of life has been overshadowed by a great passion for wealth. Amidst the rapid whirl in factory and mill, in the crowded square of the market, in the ceaseless hurry of the farm, this burning passion is ever felt. Question the youth, with books in hand, behind the counter, at the bench, or wherever he may be preparing for life, as to his thought of success, and seldom will it be other than the making of money. But is it strange? If his home is on the farm he hears chiefly of "hard times," and what will pay; if in the city, incessant talk of business and speculation. If he asks advice, little will he receive that does not bear on the prospect of wealth. The saving boy, he is told, is the youth of promise; the successful business men, the valuable citizen; the millionaire the one who has reached the goal of life. The current expression, "When I am rich," though often uttered lightly, yet expresses the fond hope of every heart. Certainly the pursuit of money has been the path of this nation.

Is it the true path? For some divine reason this existence must be sustained by the fruits of labor. Hence, vigorous industry is good for the maintenance of existence, but should the wealth accruing from industry be the prize for which this earthly race is run?

Is that life?

Is that the inevitable amount of man's hope and aspirations?

Was the highest mechanism of God's handiwork to create beings of no nobler purpose? Was humanity fashioned in His own image only to minister to the temple of that image? Was the spirit of life breathed into these forms of clay only to heap up

and worship inanimate piles of dust? Let us consider a little, if we may, the nature of this much coveted boon. Toil is the only exchange for which earth yields up her fruits. If that price is refused, her store-house is locked. As the Persian drove his warriors into battle by the lash, so grim necessity whips the laborer to his drudgery.

The real wealth of the world is its supply of the necessities of life. Being subject to Nature's economic laws, which permit production of but little more than the required amount for each year, and take back by decay the surplus, no great amount of real wealth can ever be accumulated. Do they who pride themselves on their riches never realize the vanity of their possessions? Let your precious metals, your railroads, factories, massive buildings, and speculative stocks be so increased that every one might count himself a millionaire. In the ecstasy of sudden wealth labor would be ignored. A season's harvest would be neglected. Poverty in its most wretched garb, starvation, would appear. Then railroads would lie unused; factories cease their busy whirl; brick blocks crumble from neglect, gold and silver be flung away; the world of millionaires divest itself of costly garments and resume its digging.

'Tis a fancy, this hope of wealth, this dream of luxury. Before the stern truths of life it vanishes like the rain-bow from the heavens before the shade of night. For a brief moment in the long and gloomy day of the world's history the golden sun has broken forth from the clouds of tyranny and war, and shone out from the clear sky of peace—its bright rays reflected from the new industries, glisten and sparkle, forming a beautiful rain-bow in the heaven of hope. The eyes of men were dazzled by the splendor of the scene of luxury. In

childish illustration they went in search of the fancy. They knew not, and seemed not yet fully to understand, that where this enchanting vision of idle comfort in its graceful curve seems to reach down to earth is not a place, but, a deceptive image of the mind. Still they pursue that image, and as it grows dim before them, they do not see the threatening clouds of greed and contention rising on the horizon of peace, shutting them out from the object of their journey. They stop and chide one another with leading in the wrong way.

As the shades of greed and poverty deepened, the bright hope of universal comfort faded into a homely struggle for existence. Out of this struggle has arisen something known as wealth, or capital. It is the power which controls labor and governs the distribution of supplies. Capital is a good thing. It is to the nation what tools are to the farmer. But the value of machinery depends on its right use, and so does the value of capital, and when it is used, as it now is to a great extent, for creating artificial needs, and producing useless supplies to fill this perverted demand, and then, not satisfied with not filling the demand, employs thousands of men to crowd through the market as much more as possible of unneeded and worthless articles of trade, simply to gather more capital, to erect more machinery, to make more such articles, to support more men in mischievous employment, then, indeed, capital becomes one of the most grievous causes of poverty in a nation.

It has no value except as it is brought into contact with legitimate production and distribution.

Do you attribute to capital the advance in the scale of comfort which America has enjoyed? It is not in this that the nation has found its relief from poverty. But in the vast domain—a broad

avenue of escape for the poor. But the limit is not distant. It stands before us like a great black wall. The west is filling. The east groans under her burden. She no longer has place to send her poor. What relief comes from capital. Where it stands in pyramids of wealth, monuments to the industry of a nation, there about the basis of those pyramids skulk the hungry poor; and the higher those monuments rise the darker is the shade of poverty cast about them.

This love of gain, this "mad haste," to be rich, this establishment of a false purpose of life, is fruitful of much harm. It depreciates life, denies the claims of mind and body, ignores the existence of the soul, and breeds discontent by placing success hopelessly beyond all but a few. On the struggling masses of humanity hope and ambition turn back in mockery. In sullen silence they bear their poorer condition, or, angered by the pride of the more successful, they rebel against all wealth, all capital.

We reverence no crown, but to the ill-gotten crown of gold we pay as much homage as was ever shown to the iron crown of the Lombards.

We are free and safe to go where we will. But feudal lords of wealth, from their castles of monopoly, prowl forth to plunder and to rob.

We have peace. The sword is laid aside. But, armed with the keen scimiter of business skill, men engage in cruel and fearless war.

We have liberty. But the glad shout of freedom is set at discord by the harsh notes of anarchy.

But Hark! Beside the din of grating sounds from money-getting, come softer strains. Listen, and you may catch the words of this new song! 'Tis of love, this joyous note. Love shown and extended through the medium of wealth. It is a song

that turns the heart's desire from selfish hoarding to kind impulses of charity.

Under its influence, men gifted with superior business talents will yield to the less gifted the benefits of their greater powers. They will acknowledge these special powers granted to them as calls of God to minister to His less favored children with the wealth which he has placed here for them. The laborer will have no more reason for complaint of his employer, but will join in this song, singing praise of him who lives and gives his life that the laborer's lot may be lighter.

Then this great America, with its bright skies and clear waters, fertile fields and noble forests, lofty mountains and verdant valleys, a land filled with the beauties of nature and the rich treasures of earth, overflowing with abundance of good gifts, spread out in all the elegance and luxury of a kingly banquet, may indeed be called the home of the poor and friendless, the refuge of the oppressed of every nation.

Not yet have many learned the beauties of this new song of love. But the key note has been sounded. May it awaken response till it has softened the greed of every soul in charity, and the whole land is resonant with its happy sound. May it be a grand chorus sung by the whole nation, till it will seem that the beautiful refrain of angels has been taken up, "On earth peace, good will toward men."

THIRD CONTEST (1890)

THE PROBLEM OF THE CENTURY

(FRED H. CLARK, DAKOTA UNIVERSITY)

History, as it stands outlined against the dark background of time, presents the picture of a vast mountain range.

The plain of each century has been broken by some gigantic issue; some mighty upheaval in the common course of events, which towers like a rugged peak, far above the minor circumstances that surround it, distinguishing the age in which it occurs.

From the present, back to where obscurity shuts out the light of ages from history's winding course, we see these massive monuments upreared to the race; these great landmarks in the march of time, which seem to draw toward them both the precedent and subsequent events, and make themselves the centers of their respective ages.

The fifth century saw the Roman Empire fall, scattering its embers over darkened Europe, where they smoldered for a thousand years until kindled into a flame that spread throughout the world.

The fifteenth century saw the dawn of a new day break upon the nations, and dispel the long night of a thousand years.

Columbus, crossing the awful sea about which had gathered the fear and superstition of four thousand years, threw open the gates of a new Eden.

The sixteenth century felt the world tremble under the colossal tread of the Reformation.

The nineteenth century has been crowded with circumstances of great moment; unprecedented has been the progress of science; discovery and inven-

tion have belted the globe; vast empires have fallen and mightier ones arisen; and now to close this golden era, a fitting crown for such an age, comes its grandest event; penetrated is the heart of Africa, and Henry M. Stanley opens to development a new colossal realm.

Westward the mighty waves of emigration that have swept over the old world since man began his march around the globe, seem ever to have rolled; surging past dark Africa, on toward the settting sun.

The vast hordes that have swarmed back and forth across Europe, touched the north of the continent only, and left unknown this land of eternal summer, this far-off sunny clime.

In the brilliant days of the old Augustan age, the Roman generals led their unconquered phalanx across the Mediterranean to subdue the great unknown, but reaching the desert they were disheartened by the burning waste that lay before them, and returning erected here and there massive structures, which stand today as monuments of the tremendous failure.

Thus one after another the ancient and mediaeval nations feebly essayed to penetrate the mysteries that shrouded the Ethiopian kingdom, until at last the daring Portugese circumnavigated Africa and fixed is boundaries.

This stupendous task accomplished, explorers flocked on every side, like a vast army surrounding a fortress, and the attack on the center was begun.

From the west, Park explored the wonderful region of the Niger, and in attempting to follow its terrible flood to the sea, lost his life.

Lacreda, striking at the southeastern forests, cut his way in to the capital of the African King, where disease struck him down.

Thus, from time to time, these great discoverers attacked the impregnable battlements of the unknown land on every side, and died while bravely pushing on to open to the world the unseen treasures that lay hidden in its heart.

'Twas in the midst of these uncertainties and discouragements that Stanley began his work, and opened one of the grandest campaigns known to history.

The immortal Livingstone had discovered the great lacustrine system whose outlet is the Lualaba; a tremendous flood that every second pours a hundred thousand cubic feet of water into something? Stanley was determined to find out what; and resolved to follow it to whatever sea or ocean it might lead.

The storied voyages of Marquette and Joliet on the Mississippi, and of Orellana on the Amazon, sink into insignificance, when compared with this herculean task.

On through the treacherous whirlpools and over the roaring cataracts of the great stream; often compelled to hew their way through the dense forests that bounded them like a wall on either hand; through showers of poisoned arrows; through disease, through death; for a thousand days save one, the heroic little army wandered in the heart of the unknown land; the sparkling waters beckoning on they knew not where. No sound came to betray the name of this vast shining river whose roaring torrents bore them on.

Discouraged, reduced in numbers, the little band would fain have turned back. But one dark day the old Arab chief, recognizing some landmark, returned the answer, "Ikuta ya Kongo."

Never did "Vive 'l Empereur" more inspire Napoleon's glittering troops than did this trium-

phant shout thrill the hearts of these weary pilgrims alone in the Dark Continent's heart. Pressing on, they safely reached the sea. Livingstone's Lualaba was connected with Tuckey's Congo, and the shout of the old Mohammedan chief rang throughout the civilized world.

Far to the south of the well-nigh boundless Congo forests lies a lovely land, with a sky as soft and a climate as perfect as balmy Italy. Vast fields of gold and diamonds glitter in the tropic sun.

> "Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
> That proudly rise or humbly court the ground,
> Whatever sweets salute the northern sky,
> With vernal lives that blossom but to die;
> These here disporting own the kindred soil,
> Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil,
> Yes, vernal beauty reigns supreme."

But why has the creator for centuries concealed this beautiful garden in the heart of a hidden realm; withholding it from the sight of enlightened man!

'Twas the hand of the Omnipotent, working out a mighty problem that it took four hundred years to solve.

For centuries explorers nibbled, as it were, at the coast of Africa. For centuries the nations hurled their forces on its impregnable sides.

Hundreds of brave adventurers vainly essayed to solve its mysteries, and left their bones to bleach upon its burning sands.

But you ask, if this was the hand of God, why did he permit this sacrifice? For answer, why did he permit his chosen people to languish under the lash of Egyptian bondage for four hundred years? Why did he not send the Christ in the brilliant days of the Babylonian kingdom; or later in the golden age of Greece? The fullness of time was not yet

come. God was not ready and the world must wait.

Going back along the path of history to the close of the Middle Ages, we see the Portugese throwing the inhabitants of western Africa into slavery, and later selling them to the pioneers of our own country, by whom they were held in servitude until their emancipation in 1863.

We as Americans look upon these three centuries as a dark period in the history of the Negro; and yet 'twas the dawn of his day. For, had not the African been taken from his southern shore, he would have been as savage as his brethren in the Dark Continent are today; and if taken from his native wildness and brought to the land of civilization, he must be controlled before he could be taught.

You say America has cursed the black man; but show me a nation that has done more for his race than has she. The centuries of servitude that the African has endured have transformed him—from savage to man. Brought in contact with civilization, the light of reason slowly dawned upon his slumbering intellect, and as the years wore on, he gradually became, as far as circumstances would permit, the equal of his master. In 1860 the people of the north, recognizing his right, turned and with one terrible blow, shattered his fetters and made him free.

Investing the slave with every right that was his master's, gave rise to a jealousy and hatred between the races, which we first see in the Ku Klux; sitting like a spectre in the moonlight before some lonely cabin, while the horrified Negro looks upon him as the Celestial looks upon his god; or, we see him creeping upon the home of some unionist, like a fox upon his prey; dragging him from his couch

and leaving him bound and bleeding with none but the stars to watch his suffering.

Though the iron hand of the law could check such deeds as these, it could not quench the fire of hatred between the races, and the terrible strife has been growing ever since the emancipation of the slaves. The color of the Negro's skin is an eternal bar from the society of the whites; murder and outrage stalk abroad in our land today as a result of this unnatural mingling, and at last the people in their despair cry out, "the race problem must be solved."

Right here is the grandest coincidence in the history of nations. Just at this crisis Almighty God solves the problem; throws open the portals of the wonderland in Africa that have been sealed since the beginning of time; discloses a colossal realm where roam a hundred million souls, shrouded in the darkness of barbarism. The Dark Continent must have light, and here in America he has been preparing eight million tutors of their own blood to civilize and Christianize this savage horde.

Call it circumstance; a mere coincidence; call it what you will. I believe it the design of the Omniscient one that in the year of our Lord, 1890, Africa should burst her iron doors and send forth to the world an appeal for help for her people in darkness. That in this same year the crisis should be reached in the race war, and America send her eight million Negroes back to their native shore to impart to their brethren the light for which they plead.

You say the cost will be enormous. Will you pay it from the overflowing coffers of your treasury, or will you pay the price in blood?

Eight million Negroes inhabit your land today, invested with every right that you enjoy, yet barred

forever from your society by the blood that courses through their veins. Their number is increasing year by year. Must a crisis be reached where the sword shall take the place of the dagger, and our fair land be convulsed by a war with the race for whose freedom we have just sacrificed three hundred thousand lives?

The amalgamation of the races is a solution than which nothing can be more horrible. It will elevate the Negro, but it will debase the race that has made the world progressive and glorious. This natural distinction between the Anglo-Saxon and the African is divinely drawn. God and nature demand that it be kept inviolate; and yet amalgamation is the only road to peace save colonization.

When this migration of the black man to his native land shall be accomplished, Africa will pour her riches into the markets of the world; these savage races shall be elevated to the plain of civilized nations; the worship of the Fetich shall be superseded by the worship of the true God; and God shall have justified his ways to man.

Then this stupendous question with which America grapples today shall be settled, settled right and settled forever.

Through the mists of strife that envelope us we shall see the dawn of a better day. When the southern zephyrs shall bring a cry for light from the Dark Continent, America shall send back the answer, sweeping like a mighty wave across the

Atlantic, "We are coming, 'nighted brethren, eight thousand thousand strong." America will be free, and Africa saved. And the shout shall ring throughout the nations to the uttermost parts of the earth; and the listening angel shall bear the glad news upward where unnumbered millions sing in realms of endless bliss, and the mighty chorus shall echo 'round the throne of God, from which shall shine the light to illumine the path to freedom for a hundred million souls.

FOURTH CONTEST (1891)

THE INDIAN PROBLEM

(A. C. SHEPHERD, DAKOTA UNIVERSITY)

History, with its mystic charms and charming mysteries, reveals to us the treasures of the past. It enables us to glance back through the dim mists of vanished ages and behold many scenes which disclose the actuating motives of the world's great actors. Piercing the dark clouds which enshroud the pathway o'er which progress has traveled, we enter in thought the vale of long ago.

It is the historic day when the little island, San Salvador, was first seen by that illustrious voyager whose name is now immortal. As he views enraptured the scene before him, the dusky, stalwart natives swarm down from the flower-decked hillsides and emerge from sylvan forests. They gaze in profound awe and ignorance at the strange pale-faces whom they enthrone in their credulous imaginations as fair gods from the far-off spirit world. Little did the untutored Indian dream that these pale-faces would soon dispossess him of his native land and confine him upon some narrow section of this wide, colossal realm. Ignorant, simple, and savage, little did he know that the advance of civilization meant death to many of the non-progressive Indians themselves.

The Indian has sometimes been pictured as a noble hero. He has been idealized by the fervid fancy of genius, his praises sounded in sweet strains of poesy and song; but such characters as the immortal Hiawatha lived only in the dream of the poet, for the naturally honest, industrious, and moral Indian is a mythical being, created by fancy, the

unseen hero of fictitious tales. The Indian has his ideals, admires his heroes, worships the Great Spirit, and hopes at last to enter the happy hunting-grounds of his future Elysian home. But his ideals are ignoble for his nature is untamed and base; his heroes are reverenced, not for deeds of love and self-sacrifice, but for those of cruelty and revenge; the Great Spirit is a solemn, mysterious, unknowable something, worshiped in fear and superstition; the happy hunting-ground is a consummation of his earthly ambitions, hopes and joys. Thus history portrays him by removing four hundred years from the vista of the past.

But the Indian is not a being of the past. In spite of the conquering armies that have swept over his territory, in spite of disease, famine, and wars, he exists today, and although four centuries have passed since the light of civilization first broke through the gloom that o'ershadowed his race—centuries in which the greatest triumphs of genius have been achieved—he exists today as he has existed from time immemorial. True, there may be a few notable exceptions, but almost universally the same impulses animate his being, the same desires and longings characterize his nature. Amid unprecedented prosperity and progress he has lived, not aiding in its development, nor participating in its joys, not even sharing in its rich fruitions.

The record of events, the Indian's determined opposition to culture and refinement, and above all, the recent threatening outbreak lead us to believe that however successful civilization may have been in art, science, and invention, in elevating the Indian it has signally failed.

When wars between civilized powers arise, we calmly and dispassionately consider the causes and then exonerate or condemn the belligerent nations.

Yet scarcely do we realize how many and how great the provocations which have led the Indian to take up arms against the intruders upon the soil which he claims as an hereditary possession, and which claim our government has fully recognized, as seen by the treaties it has made. Thus it is that often the savage warrior who is reprobated by public opinion would be readily acquitted if tried before a less prejudiced tribunal.

The story of the Red Man awakens feelings of tenderest pathos as well as sternest condemnation. It is a story of hopes blasted and confidence betrayed, though placed in the representatives of the most glorious civilization known to the world. Study his history, throw aside all prejudice, and can you then deny that he has been wronged? He has often been made the victim of the cupidity and dishonesty of his white brother and as a natural result he has vented his outraged feelings and wreaked his merciless vengeance in atrocious massacres. Actuated by no law, human or divine, save the law of revenge, and having no redress for wrongs, but retaliation, and no recourse in retaliation save war, can we blame him alone that he has caused fields to run red with blood.

Within our own state, recently occurred an outbreak which, General Miles affirms, at one time threatened to be the most terrible recorded on the pages of Indian warfare. Along the Missouri dwells the same tribe that instigated the awful massacre in the early days of Minnesota. Upon the rolling prairies of that frontier state was enacted one of the saddest tragedies the historian has ever chronicled. While the people were anxiously awaiting the result of the strife between the North and the South, the Sioux Nation, believing the government was weakened by the war, in open defiance of

civil authority, sought to avenge themselves of wrongs endured.

It is the fault of the Indian's gross ignorance that he does not discriminate between unoffending citizens and corrupt government officers. Hence it was that the unsuspecting settler fell a hapless victim before the destructive tomahawk, and prairies and dales were crimsoned with the blood of guileless innocence, and the grassy plains were dotted with the nameless unmarked graves of brave, defenseless pioneers.

But it was not wanton cruelty. It was an appeal, not to feelings of right and justice, but to arms, his last untried resort. It was war, honorable and fair, as his savage mind had been taught to appreciate honor and fairness. He had demanded his rights, he had appealed to the sympathy and humanity of those in authority. His demands were unheeded; his pitiful appeals touched no responsive chord in the unfeeling heart of enthroned villainy; then in one final, desperate struggle he attempted to assert his unrecognized rights.

"For nearly a thousand thousand acres of the most fertile soil in the Mississippi Valley, he had received," says Bishop Whipple, "not a farthing." In the light of this fact, we are led to believe that it was his manhood, his sense of injured rights that impelled him to seek redress in the only way remaining, but it was ignorance and a savage nature into which had been inculcated from earliest days a love for the infliction of torture, that provoked those murders, the most cruel of which human mind can conceive, the most fiendish of which savage brain is the author.

Yet the government did not learn, even at the cost of a thousand lives, that it is economy as well as humanity to treat these nomadic tribes with the

same fairness with which it treats its own constituents, and causes similar to those which resulted in the Minnesota outbreak have occasioned the late Sioux War. Pledges violated and obligations unperformed have cost the government two million dollars. The supplies promised were given only in part and, with a scarcity of food and an insufficiency of clothing, the Indian felt that there was no pitying eye to see, no sympathizing heart to appreciate his condition.

At this juncture came a wonderful story of hope. Messengers from the Rockies carried the glad tidings of deliverance. A Messiah was coming. The Indian was to be liberated from his foes who were to be swept from the earth. His former hunting-grounds would be restored and he, in unrestricted freedom, would engage in hunt and chase, unmolested and unrestrained. And what he holds most sacred, his departed friends, dear to him by a thousand ties of affection as strong as those which bind you, O Christian, these friends were to be resurrected and together, reinstated in the scenes of happier days, they were to dwell in the land where their fathers had dwelt and know no sorrow nor care.

Thus the brightest picture that hope could paint upon the sky of promise was disclosed to his delighted eyes. Imagine yourself in the same position, surrounded by the same conditions, and as firmly believing that some supernatural power was about to bring release and that your supremest ideal of perfect happiness was just within your reach. Think you that you would idly stand and not implore that omnipotent power to grant the joys dearest to your heart?

The unfortunate Indian was soon brought to see the mightiness of his foe; the excitement was quelled; the Indian subdued. His fond dream is

gone. The bright picture of joys restored has faded from the sky of hope and the Indian still remains almost an emblem of despair.

What shall we do with his race that we may perform our duty to him, to our government and to our God? It has been said that the only road to peace is through extermination and, as the chosen people of God were commanded to slay the heathen nations in the ancient land of Canaan, so are we, in this enlightened age, privileged to strike from off the earth these human beings created in the image of God, the work of His own hands. But we live not under the dispensation of six thousand years ago, for those mysterious ways were changed when that forgiving, sinless Son of God gave the divine command, "Go preach the gospel to every creature."

Two things are necessary for the elevation of the Indian—Education and Evangelization. These are the mighty factors, used as agencies in the hands of the Divine, for the uplifting and upbuilding of humanity. These benignant forces will ultimately triumph over every superstition, transform the nature of the savage and gladly proclaim to every man beneath the stars sweet tidings of universal peace and love. Then not with the flaming sword, but with glad news of intellectual emancipation, and with messages of a dying Savior's love are we to win the confidence of this race and lead them from the darkness of savagery into the glorious light of civilization.

Educated and Christianized, the Indian, no longer a dependent ward upon the government, becomes a man with all the boundless possibilities of a noble manhood. Then let the government enact just laws to ameliorate the unhappy condition of this unhappy race. Let the church promulgate the true gospel and thus create comfort and gladness and

blessing where now is darkness and despondency and gloom.

Then in this Republic all kindred tribes of the globe shall be comprehended within the bonds of brotherhood. For the people shall know that God has made of one blood all nations of the earth. Then the starry flag of the Union, unfurling its silken folds in the balmy sunshine of freedom, will inspire the same patriotic emotions of pride and love in the heart of the Red Man that swell in the hearts of the sons and daughters of those who fought and died to keep it floating there. Then the grateful prayer of thanksgiving from this race, redeemed from savagery, shall be borne on the wings of faith, up through boundless ether to the throne of him who is the God of nations and the God of love.

FIFTH CONTEST (1892)

THE NATIONAL PROBLEM

(J. W. BARRINGTON, REDFIELD COLLEGE)

A year ago Italians assassinated the Chief-of-Police at New Orleans. A criminal offense and but one of a thousand—yet it serves a purpose; it carries with it a message of truth and a lesson of national importance. To the statesman, to the student, to every individual whose interest goes beyond self, this occurrence brings into prominence a social problem of highest moment. Discussed in the weekly press and solid review; noted in the platforms of political parties, investigated by the "Ford Committee;" pondered over by congressmen and senators; carefully measured by the philanthropist's eye; agitated as a party issue; weighed in the balance of legislation, but not yet solved—the immigration problem.

We have welcomed the European immigrants as does a mother her beloved child. 'Twas well. They have tilled our land, built our railways, and fought our battles. The English, the Irish, the Germans, the Scandinavians—eliminate their work, forget their deeds, and you have not an American Republic but an English colony. The ruddy glow on the cheeks of their children is your heritage. Their strong arms which make factories resound and cities rise are your safety. Condemn not their labors. Give them credit for a noble work.

But alas! The laws of a progressive people must ever change. Conditions and circumstances shift as the winds. Come with me to Castle Garden. What alien faces now cross the gang-way? Not Germans, not Irish; but the forbidding hosts so

familiar in south and central Europe—Italians, Hungarians, and Poles—men and women born of poverty, fed with crime, dwarfed in body and soul. This unwelcome throng doubles in a single year, while the more desirable classes from northern Europe steadily decrease. Mark well the contrast. No longer come great numbers from intellectual Europe, but the undesirable classes from the south, encouraged as they are by glowing promises of steamship companies or driven from their home lands by want and taxation, rush into our borders like so many sheep set free from the fold. Despite enforced idleness and crowded poor-houses, despite the rise of colossal fortune and scarcity of money among the working classes, despite the rapid change in public sentiment—the alien stream continues to swell.

Long established laws have a charm. It is a weakness to cling to the old. Still reforms must come. They steal upon us as the morning light—a quiet, health-giving, resistless presence. Civilization follows no beaten path. The course society should take can never be definitely mapped out. Political Economy is not an exact science. As the individual advances in thought, so does society. Fixed laws cannot meet the demands of an unfixed people. Certain liberties may bring harmony to one generation, but cause confusion and war in the next. No matter what our past policy has been toward immigration; our government should not hesitate to alter that policy if the welfare of society demands a change. The law, good in a new and sparsely settled country, becomes bad when the struggle of life is intense and when tramps and paupers multiply.

In history's drama we see two forces battling; one for more liberty, the other for more law. These

factions have played their parts in leading society on and up. Yet with all our freedom and our learning—the heritage of centuries—we are unable to reach the most practical boundary between freedom and restraint. But we approach it as legislation is shaped to fit the changing moulds of progressive society.

Count the great nations ruling in other ages. Where are they now?

"Gone, glimmering through the dream of things that were,
A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour."

To conquer the world was their ambition, physical and moral neglect their error. The strength and dignity of a nation consists not in its acres, gold, or cities, but in a united and homogeneous people. It is not enough for a nation to frame a model government; it should maintain the mental and physical qualities of its people, that they may be true to that model.

The mingling of peoples differing in environment and in habits brings disastrous results. Ancient history proves this many times; I cite but a single case. From the time Alexander captured the key of the Orient at Arbela, Greece declined. True, she Hellenized Asia; but a re-action in morals and manners came. "'Twas Greece, but living Greece no more." Patriotism, oratory, and intellect bloomed in the "age of Pericles." By the influence of the Oriental mind, weakened under the yoke of despotism, and blinded by the darkness of centuries, they were crushed and poisoned. But why go back so far in history? The effect of mingling different bloods is seen today in our own land. The red man has united with the white only to produce a degenerate offspring; while the Mexicans, representing the amalgamation of widely separated families, now feed on revolution and chaos, though their

land is one of richness and beauty, such as only a Prescott can describe. These people have a strong hold in south-western United States. They impede progress. They are un-American. Education must soon lead them to appreciate American citizenship, or force expel them. The proclamation declaring freedom to the Negro bound our nation to provide that race with a home by itself. Nature teaches that amalgamation of races, or widely separated families, is often a step toward national decay.

During the last twenty years two potent social factors, hidden in the rapid rush of progress, have quietly arrayed themselves for battle, and now appear under the names of Capital and Labor. Agitation is concentrating their forces. Time only widens the gap of hatred. Under these threatening circumstances an average of one thousand foreigners is daily added to Labor's army. Ignoring the encroachments of Capital and the demands of Labor, ignoring the efforts put forth by philanthropists and statesmen to harmonize all social factors, they throw themselves into the already crowded industries, lower wages, then lead an excited mob in a lawless demand for a wage-increase. Who felt not the shock of the bursting bomb at the Chicago Hay Market! What face can hide the blush of shame as the honest wage-workers of Pennsylvania's mines are displaced by Poles and Hungarians? Mr. Gladstone's argument in favor of home rule is that the Irish vote blocks legislation. So, in this country, legislation in behalf of Labor is prevented by the "foreign vote" so largely influenced by party bosses and whisky dictation. Look at Chicago! Look at New York! It is here that the alien controls the ballot-box; it is here that municipal government is most corrupt.

Twenty years ago a city in Pennsylvania contained a population of thirty-five thousand. Happy Americans they were, toiling all day in the mine and at evening gathering round a fire-place of their own. The city was filled with homes of love and contentment. Children romped on the lawns and voiced sweet music in song and play. No thought of "strikes" ruffled the simple life or disturbed the quiet work of the miner. Labor, child of God and gift to man, blessed all. Enter that city today. You see but a remnant of that happy people. Italians and Hungarians fill their places. True happiness is unknown to these. Slavish drudgery is their lot. The day is worn away for a scanty pittance; and at night they crowd together, thirty or forty in a single shack. Children are pushed into the streets to tramp and steal, to beg and steal, as children before them have done for centuries in another land. In such a place Freedom's voice is hushed. The Stars and Stripes fade away.

This nation has a lofty mission to perform; it is destined to carry moral reforms not to individuals alone, but to nations. With God in its constitution and freedom its ensign, it is bound to turn the currents of mercy and good will where they are most needed to flow. How can this noble work be accomplished? Shall we make our land a home for the oppressed of other nations, regardless of internal conditions? Democracy means co-operation; the requisites are harmony and homogeneousness. Without these, great moral reforms cannot be carried beyond our borders, because all moral forces must constantly work at home. Example is the greatest teacher. If our duty to other nations is reform, let us hold up before them a unified people; thus saying, "Go thou and do likewise." The indiscriminate absorption of society from the over-

burdened nations of Europe, not only deteriorates our own people, but prevents these other nations from rectifying social wrongs. "Let England break up her parks and game-preserves and give Ireland a good land bill. Let Russia either exterminate or pacify her revolutionists. Let Prussia and Italy and Austria disband the armies which starve one part of their population by keeping the other part in enforced idleness. Let the great powers form alliances in behalf of their people instead of their crowns; instead of emigrating, these oppressed multitudes should stay and hammer the doors of palaces and gates of hedged forests and untilled parks, and cast their burdens of military despotism and taxation and groaning want upon the floors of Parliament and Reichstag, demanding relief, and taking it if it be not granted."

"Failure" is stamped on the present immigration law. To enforce it is impractical. How many men are necessary to guard our border line of thirteen thousand miles? What statute provides for the expulsion of the alien when once he has crossed our threshold? The provisions of the law are such as to admit the unconvicted anarchist and assassin, but drive back across the sea the family which can show no visible means of support. They admit thieves and murderers having booty to show efficiency in their devilish trades but debar the wage-worker merely because he has no money.

In the name of God! Is character put at naught? Can American manhood be bought with gold?

In brief, the immigrant should bring from his home a certificate of character showing the nature of his past occupation and an upright life before the law. This should be signed by a local official, then endorsed by an American consul at the port of

departure, and at last presented to the American commissioners at the port of landing. With such a provision the cost of American citizenship would not be wealth but character.

On a pile of granite in New York harbor is the Goddess of Liberty. High above her head she holds a torch to welcome all. Life breathes in the majestic image. Beauty plays upon her countenance and the wisdom of Minerva beams from her eye. She is the incarnation of all that is good and great. See! her arm rises; her hand extends toward the tenement-house districts of New York City, where every trace of American manners is eliminated by clannish foreigners. Now her body turns. She points beyond the steeples and towers of Brooklyn to the poorly paid factory workers of New England. Now she stretches her hand toward that little city once filled with happy homes, but today the center of misery. From east to west, from ocean to ocean, the arch of blue is hung with golden letters. She reads: "To thee, O Nation, it is given to bring light to the world." A sound of dashing waves is heard. She looks. A ship glides into the harbor laden with people of another clime. Her head turns. Her eyes seek the Capitol at Washington. She speaks: "In behalf of the American people filter the stream of immigration."

SIXTH CONTEST (1893)

THE SPIRIT OF ROMANCE

(T. A. STUBBINS, YANKTON COLLEGE)

There is nothing in the way of man's equipment for the battle of life that so drives him to the goal of success as that power which "bodies forth the form of things unknown." It is found in all ages; it is present in every heart. The intellect may grasp a scepter; the determined will may hold that scepter relentlessly over the head of a turbulent people; but it is the imagination that stands behind them both and scourges them on to their deeds of daring. The mind and heart may change as the chameleon, but the spirit of romance present in every breast, is as stable as the life of which it is a part and endures as long as that life endures. Think lightly of it if we will, question its living reality and its vital importance yet it does exist and exists to inspire the soul. It leads us on, on and on, but at last crowns our aspirations with success; not the chimerical success that our fancy painted, but the prosperity that has palpability, even to this prosaic world. It brings before the mind magnified pictures of things which have as yet neither shape, nor existence, but which embody the soul's highest desires. Through it we see only the golden future spread before us; in it we feel our brightest hopes and most daring ambitions realized. That mystic spirit may build tottering castles, but experience never levels them lower than their foundations.

When Jacob in olden times arose, forsaking his father, mother and home, seeking the land of Pan-dan-aram, a spirit went with him whispering tales

of success. He then believed that his possessions should spread to the west and to the east, to the north and to the south. He pillowed his head upon stones; watered the sheep for Rachel, served many years and "it seemed but a few days." Did not a spirit—shall we say of romance—lead him on?

King Richard in his arrogant, passionate and yet human pride, with his dark and mysterious career, is led to all his success by a tale of romance. William Wallace, as he sees the Highland clans deploy upon the plains of Cambus Kenneth, never thinks of Scotland as languishing in chains. He sees her rather rushing through the din and roar of battle with myrtle thrown from her brow and the wreath of victory in her hand. Hannibal draws his sword, and as it flashes in the air sees reflected a vison of glory, power and success.

Today it is said that the spirit of romance is dead—that this is the age of facts and figures; of railroads and realities; of traffic, trade, and bank accounts. No longer does the youth go forth as a knight errant to do battle for "honor and his lady love;" no young Sir Launfal leaves has castle now to find the Holy Grail; and Europe would laugh to scorn a visionary Hermit Peter, who sought to lead a holy crusade against the modern Saracen. The lands have all been discovered; the seas have all been swept; the forests have all been pierced; the witches have all been burned; the nymphs, the Dryads, the mermaids have all been routed from their haunts in forest and ocean, and find no longer a place to rule but in the fanciful retreats of Babyland.

But is that life? Are we all practical?

In reality we never buckle on armor and ride forth hunting those marvels that soar beyond fact and real life and sometimes possibility. But are

we not too ready to laugh at the poet and acquiesce with the cynic? Have they indeed all gone—those fancies that built the Pyramids, chiseled the Sphynx and peopled Greece with marble forms of beauty? Does Jacob no longer see in his dreams the ladder leading up to heaven; nor Joan of Arc hear a voice whispering in her ear that she must lead the army of France to battle?

No, they are not gone—those visions. When men cease to dream, they cease to hope; when hope is gone, they die. It is said that upon the vast plains of North America the shepherd lads seldom live to see their hair grow white with years. In the morning and at night, in summer and in winter they sweep their eyes about upon one boundless, measureless, changeless blank. The great plains from every direction seem to slope downward to the hapless shepherd's feet, until to his desolate fancy he stands in a mammoth pit. He looks to the west and there is no change; he appeals to the east and there is no promise of hope. No change, no change in sight. The remorseless plain presses in upon him; it suffocates, it crushes him. In youth he is haggard; in manhood his temples have whitened; in maturity he is—a maniac.

Thus must it be in life to those whom the spirit of romance has forsaken. How few they are, the river sedges and morgues disclose. Merely a handful from the thousands are overwhelmed, as is the shepherd boy, by life's vast treeless plain. The rest bear in their very souls the magic safeguard of romance, and even while their ears are arrested by the suicide's sullen plunge into the river of death, their eyes are fixed eagerly upon their own enchanting "Castles in Spain."

The visions above all things that come to the beggar, place him on a more equal footing with the

millionaire. He wanders along the street, the cold rain falls upon him as he shivers in his scanty raiment. The fitful glare of the street lamps reveals his bent and weary form. He is spattered with the mud from the street; but he looks up with hope in his eye. What does he see? Around the corner warmth, prosperity and success seem to beckon him on. They are—just ahead.

The millionaire in his carriage looks out, sees the beggar, pities him; then leans back upon the cushions, closes his eyes, and unto him a vision comes. He sees political fame, greater riches, honor, and success—just ahead.

An Oriental reclines, inhaling the sweet fumes of opium; before him is a summer evening in all its beauty. The blood red sun is setting in a bank of pink haze which rests upon the horizon, while the sea, undisturbed by a single ripple, shines like a mirror of burnished gold; dark sails and hulls of ships, white patches of sea birds floating on the outgoing tide, and cliffs rising precipitously behind, are reflected. A range of rugged mountains is lost among the purple clouds. The murmur of some wee streamlet tumbling to the sea is borne to his ear. All is clad in silver and gold as he dreams, dreams, dreams of success—just ahead.

Oh thou spirit, how closely our lives are interwoven by thine invisible forces!

But this impalpable spirit of romance does more than incite us to enterprise. It beautifies the commonplace of life. Childhood never sees the commonplace. To it the darkness is more than darkness; it is a black horror that holds every form of evil. To it the sunlight is more than sunlight; it is alive and the stars are living beings. Wordsworth tells us that every creature brings from an-

other world the memory of a glory that is left behind, and that in the journey of life every young man

> "Is by the vision splendid
> Upon his way attended;
> At length the man perceives it die away,
> And fade into the light of common day."

Ah, yes; but that "common day" never quite comes. There is always something of the child in us. Look into the hearts of the very aged or very poor; in the most desolate land or the most populous, and there will always be found this element of youth.

Far out in the west, where the plains stretch away in monotonous expanse, and the parched vegetation does not even undulate in the breeze, a new town springs into existence. The whistle of the locomotive does not yet disturb its silence. No crowds hurry through its streets. A few squalid buildings, a few forlorn beasts, silence, desolation; "stale, flat, unprofitable" existence—that is all.

Is it all? A man stands upon the corner of a future street. He is one in whose heart burns the spirit of romance. A few hundred years ago he would have been a knight and fought in the crusade. Later, he might have stood with Luther and helped shake the Vatican. Still later his hands would have been the first to break the chains of human slavery. Now as he looks his eye kindles. The wretched village acquires dignity in his sight. Its meanest sounds are as sweet as the notes of a deep-toned bell; its huts become mansions; its streets the fairest boulevards; and there, with marble steps leading to its brown-stone front, stands—his home. Toil is made easy, privations are forgotten, pain does not hurt; for he walks in the light that reflects from a glory—just ahead.

Thus the spirit of romance given by God to Adam for an eternal legacy to mankind has come through the ages, overthrowing despots, setting up kingdoms, and next to the Christian faith giving solace to weary souls and making bright many a life.

The world moves on in its progress. Schools, with apparatus adapted for every kind of scientific work, flourish; railroads intersect each other at almost every milepost; canals wind their way through hills and mountains; steamships plow the waves with incredible swiftness; telescopes bring fiery bodies through millions of miles of space and we view them; telephones carry the voice from ocean to ocean, and the telegraph sends a message with the speed of the sun's rays; Eiffel towers penetrate the clouds, and great buildings cover acres of ground; rivers are turned from their channels, and the whole face of the earth undergoes mighty changes—but do we? No!

> "We are such stuff
> As dreams are made of, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep."

Only when thought born of spirit shall become fact, and all facts thought, shall we cease to look for greater things—just ahead.

SEVENTH CONTEST (1894)

THE PRESERVATIVE ELEMENT IN AMERICAN SOCIETY

(RICHARD F. LOCKE, SIOUX FALLS COLLEGE)

Political optimism is said to be one of the vices of the American people. A French writer has recently declared that there exists in this country "a popular belief that God takes care of children, fools, and the United States." During the last thirty years Americans have cherished an almost unquestioning faith in the wisdom and soundness of their institutions. With the abolition of slavery, which had so long disturbed the peace and threatened the security of the nation, it was believed that the only serious danger had been safely passed; and that the union, having stood the test of the mightiest civil conflict of all history, was thenceforth secure.

The years since then have strengthened this belief. No danger has arisen serious enough to cause alarm. While the nations of Europe have been clouded with threatenings of conflict, our skies have been serene. In the midst of party strife, in commercial panics, in the jarring of social questions, one thought has found lodgment in every patriotic mind—the thought that we as a nation are great and free.

The real progress of the world has been along two lines—the development of the individual, and the organization of society. Individualism is the power which produces the social units. It secures freedom of thought, freedom of action. Organization binds these units into the social whole. One is the progressive, the other the conservative force. One gives motion, the other permanence. Upon

the proper balance of these two forces the worth and stability of every social system must depend. Individualism without organization is savagery. Organization without individualism is tyranny. The American Indian is an example of the former. China, standing motionless for four thousand years with her back to the future, is an example of the latter.

In the full recognition of individual rights we have reached in this country the ultimate goal of progress. A step beyond is anarchy. We are free. This has made us great. The courage and energy which have united in our material development have no parallel in history. The right to acquire and possess his own has made every man a worker. It has awakened the latent energies of every mind, for it has set a goal of promise before every life. Invention, the child of freedom, has unlocked the treasure house of nature and has utilized its secrets for the blessing of mankind. This country possesses to an unmatched degree the opportunity and the power to grow. In the extent and splendor of its material achievements it has already distanced competition. It is not, however, what a nation gains, but what it keeps, that insures its well being. The story of the condemned Sisyphus, toiling painfully with his burden almost to the hill top only to let it fall, has stood too long as the mournful type of baffled human hopes.

It has been believed that we were coming to the golden age of the world; that as the burdens of toil were shifted more and more to "the willing shoulders of Nature" there would be leisure for every man. During the last generation the productive power of a day's work has been doubled. But, has it brought rest to anyone? Rather, is not the struggle of American life growing more intense! Is

not the strain upon our social system constantly increasing? During the last decade the masses of our people have been better housed and clothed and fed than ever before. With the application of machinery the efficiency of labor rises. It yields a constantly enlarged return. But in spite of this we see a rapidly growing unrest and discontent. The truth is that the standards of living have changed. Things which were luxuries yesterday are necessities of life today. A new law of progress is unfolding to our view. It is this—that as civilization advances the wants of men multiply and tend always to outstrip the power to satisfy them. It will yet be plain to every mind, that whirling spindles, flying looms, and swiftly rolling wheels are all in vain to cool the fever of industrial strife.

We have been accustomed to look behind us for the crises of our government. But there is reason for believing that the time for the real testing of American institutions has not yet come. The supreme question is this—can this country develop a conservative energy proportionate to its progressive power? It is not unlikely that we may yet be compelled to contend for life against conditions which shall be but the logical outcome of the things in which we have gloried most.

What are the chief sources of our pride? Are they not our freedom, and our greatness? Aye, we are free! The serfdom of the past is gone! The struggle has been long and hard. Through weary centuries of conflict, groping blindly in the fogs of ignorance and doubt and error, breaking down the barriers of hate and scorn which hedged his way, pushing with deathless courage up the steep and rugged pathway, he has come, and stands today uncrowned, but regal in his rights—the common man. He is free! No more for him shall slavery's

chains be forged or whips be woven out of thongs. The index finger of history, on its every page, has pointed to his coming. Upon the richest and fairest continent of the whole world God kept "the time-lock of providence" until he came. And here, on this broad theater, he is to play his part. If he plays well, it means the sunrise of freedom to the world, and the twentieth century may witness the complete enfranchisement of humankind. But if he fails, it means the coming on of night, in whose rayless darkness not one star of hope shall shine. But, for weal or woe, his will is sovereign now. Henceforth the destiny of the world is in his hands. He has tasted of the sweets of life and has found them good. He will take possession of his own. It is in vain for men to say that this Caliban, this "Titan of the mud-sills," should now be contented with his lot. 'Tis enough that he is not contented, and will not be. He has become a different sort of a man. The horizon of his desires has widened with his freedom, and his growing wants are pushing him ever more and more into the conflict of life. In that conflict, by means either foul or fair, he is sure to win. That he may carry peace upon his banners, that his victory may be a noble one, must be our aim and prayer.

The revolution of the sixteenth century resulted in freedom of conscience—religious liberty. With the eighteenth century came equality of rights—civil liberty. Here, on American soil, these principles have had their freest and largest growth.

Of their abundant fruitage time has made us the favored heirs. But an equally important work remains—the preservation of liberty through the adjustment of the industrial and social relations of man to man. This work must be accomplished, as Milton wrote of glory.

> Without ambition, war, or violence,
> By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
> By patience, temperance.

But we are great as well as free. America is great in all things;—great in wealth and in commercial importance, great in her victories won in war and in nobler victories of peace. But she is notably great among other nations in extent of territory. Including Alaska, her area almost equals that of the entire continent of Europe. She is bounded only by the limits which God has fixed—the oceans and the zones. But history teaches this lesson, that the successful administration of government is difficult in proportion to the extent of a nation's territory. In order that a free government may exist in prosperity and peace the people who live under it must be essentially a unit. Wide diversities of race, religion, or material interest, must prove a menace to the security of any people.

In all cases in which the strong hand of arbitrary power has bound together tribes and people hostile to each other the law of disintegration has annulled the work. Alexander went forth in conquest. Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, Persia, fell under his sway. Rome pushed out the highways of her power, and over them her legions marched to bind all nations under the yoke of the Caesars. Out from the chaos of the Middle Ages, evoked by the master genius of Charlemagne, even from her own ruins, the spirit of imperial Rome came forth to rule again. But not one of these gigantic systems was strong

enough to give it permanence. And America! What of her? Her people are substantially of one race and of one political faith. But this is not enough. The instinct of self-interest is that which men everywhere most constantly obey. In this country commercial interests are supreme. The pursuit of wealth is the all-absorbing master passion of our time. It moulds the opinions of men. It warps the decrees of justice, and supplants with jarring discords the harmony of peace. As once it raised the standards of treason in the South, so today it is marshalling under defiant banners the hosts of toil. It has already, upon at least one vital issue, arrayed the East and West against each other.

Capacity for self-government is the marked characteristic of the Saxon race. In the twentieth century, whose dawn is breaking even now, it will meet in this country its decisive test. As our population multiplies, as the circle of our material interests widens, the unseen power which binds the whole must have a corresponding growth, and the essence of that power shall be the nation's love of liberty and its respect for law. May these two forces be welded into one. Then shall the union stand, between the tides that swell upon its shores, as the world's defense for freedom and for freedom's law,—the fulfillment of Homer's vision as he saw it mirrored in Achilles' shield:

> Now, the broad shield complete, the Artist crowned,
> With his last hand, and poured the ocean round;
> In living silver seemed the waves to roll,
> And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole.

EIGHTH CONTEST (1895)

ROBERT BURNS

(A. B. ROWELL, YANKTON COLLEGE)

The man within whose breast there burns the flame of genius, can never die, can never be forgotten. His own age may treat him with indifference, may even scourge him with the stinging lash of censure; but a later age will lift him high above the common mass and pay him rightful homage. When his soul, freed from its earthly wrappings, is laid bare in its simplicity, then men see aright and understand the mighty passions, the world-wide thoughts that have throbbed within him. When the mists of time have gathered 'round him, and have softened the stern outline, and concealed eccentricities and faults, then appears nothing but grandeur, is felt nothing but awe. Many a genius has toiled on in poverty and reproach and dropped into a lowly grave, only to be reverenced in after years. Not even the divine Christ could receive from his fellowmen more in return for his love than the cross and the crown of thorns. Among the saddest of these personal histories is the story of the life of Robert Burns, sad, because it tells of a soul that soared to the loftiest heights and then sank beneath a burden of poverty and bitter degradation.

A century has passed since this greatest of Scotland's bards laid down his lyre, a century of change, of tumult and confusion. The millions of the oppressed have proclaimed the dignity of man; have risen in their might and burst asunder the bonds that held them; minds groping for the light, have pushed through the restraining barriers of

dogmas and tradition, out into the broader realm of freedom and of truth. Among the first to sound the notes of progress in this vast upheaval, was the simple poet, Robert Burns, and even to this day his voice still rings for larger freedom and is heard where'er true men are found. He draws to him with gentlest tones those souls that plead for sympathy. He holds within his grasp, to do with them as he will, the hearts of men. Whether it be in the humble cottage of the peasant or in the palace of the rich, there are found his friends.

At the time when he first poured forth his heart in song, Scottish patriotism was almost dead. The men who led in literature and in art, turned their eyes away from the possibilities of their native land and sought to ape the work of others. Poor imitators, unfitted by their very training to strike out in unknown paths, disdaining the simple and lowly life of their countrymen, they were unable to awaken one single spark of national pride. There was still need of someone who could call to life again those sturdy peasants, who, under William Wallace, had fought so bravely for their liberty and their homes. Without warning, to the surprise of all, this new leader came from the common people. Nothing but a ploughboy, nothing but a rustic youth courting country maidens, nothing but a lowly poet, he so touched with coals of genius the hearts of Scotland's stalwart men, that they flamed with patriotic fire. Once again Scotland shook from her wrists the chains of foreign customs; once again the eyes of her people were turned with reverence toward one great guide, and at the present time, there is no one dearer to her; no one of whom she is more proud than the rustic poet, Robert Burns.

In the understanding of ordinary men the leader in business, in politics or in war, may rise

from the lower ranks, but a leader in thought or in literature, never. Environment may usually make the man, but in the case of Burns this law is broken, and a noble soul rises to its true level of greatness in spite of hindrances, seemingly all powerful. As we contemplate the sterile soil out of which Burns' genius sprang and the hard physical conditions under which it throve, our minds are filled with wonder and admiration. Born in a hut so poor that the storms of winter tore from above his head the sheltering roof, denied in his youth the advantages of education and contact with learned minds, forced to gain his livelihood among the vulgar and immoral, struggling year after year with grim poverty and gaunt hunger,—in spite of this, he was yet able to fulfill the missions intrusted to him by God.

It was not as a philosopher; it was not as a rhetorician nor a commander that he was able to mould the thoughts of others. None of these characteristics were needed to make up his power. His might lay in the fact that he was a man, and more than that, a brother of other men. No veneering of social customs covered the beatings of his heart. No desire of gain urged him to play falsely before his fellows. Deceit aroused within him all the force of righteous indignation, and at hypocrisy he hurled the bitterest shafts of denunciation and contempt. Born in a place where

> "Ayr gurgling kissed his pebbled shore,
> O'erhung with wild woods thick'ning green."

reared in the midst of hills, now green with grass, now purple with the heather, under a sky worthy to belong to the poet's ideal home, there sunk into his soul lessons which only nature could have given. Around him he saw a simple people, open-hearted as himself. He watched them toiling for their daily bread. He saw their pleasures and their pains, their

loving and their hating, their praying and their jesting, and in so doing he saw enacted the whole great drama of life. He might have wandered from land to land throughout the earth, and nowhere would he have found more true life than in his country home. Human nature, unfettered, was before him, and without restraint he laid bare his heart, quivering to receive the faintest impress, that he might take it and send it forth in a swell of wondrous song.

The poor and the grieving stretch forth their hands for sympathy, and with gentlest touch he smooths away their sorrows. The smitten and the oppressed call to him for aid, and he bursts forth in fierce invectives against the strong and mighty. Now he is filled to overflowing with joy and hope; now there are drawn from his heart-strings notes of sadness and of pain. Wild emotions course madly through his veins, sweeping all before them, only to be followed by the quiet, peaceful calm. One moment he is held in admiration of all that is noble and beautiful in man; the next with scoff and sneer he is bringing the haughty low. Uniting so within himself the two extremes of mortal man, he awakens to the sense of human brotherhood, and reaches out far beyond the confines of his beloved Scotia until the universal man comes beneath his magic touch and feels the power of his song.

Thus stands the poet, the greatest of the eighteenth century, crowned among the immortals of his art.

Would that the same praise, the same honor might be given to the man himself, but alas, it cannot be. No life more sad, more wretched in its poverty, more fraught with mournful lessons in its sins than that of Burns, has ever been witnessed by the eyes of men. Within his breast opposing forces

struggled for the mastery. On the one side stood a noble nature, filled with pure and holy thoughts, endowed with the keenest sense of right and wrong, reverential in its tone; on the other, passions, dark and turbulent, fierce in their intensity, irresistible in their might; between the two a will, irresolute, powerless to curb the mighty forces that should have moved in harmony at its command. Once touch the kindling spark and a roaring flame of passion surges through the heart, licking up in its raging course all the good and noble to be found. With brain seething and writhing in mad frenzy, with pulse leaping and throbbing, the laws of God and man are broken down and trodden under foot. Reason is dethroned, madness has full sway. On, on and on the soul is carried on the crest of the sinful wave, until lust reigns triumphant, until the beast has conquered the man. After all is over, too late, come the bitter tears of anguish, the stinging pangs of shame. The man has fallen.

Burns, thus swayed by passion, drifted aimless on the sea of life. His heart was stirred by no ambition. No great purpose forced him on. Prudence and wisdom were thrown aside for thoughtless follies and hare-brained fancies. Had the mighty powers at his command been taught to move in unison to work out the details of some great plan, had the streams of passion been ever pure and holy, how matchless would have been the result, how perfect the man!

When we consider that men ever see the outer man alone, can we wonder that his fellow-men condemned him? He gave them the wealth of his genius, and they returned him poverty. He poured out to them the warm life-blood of his bleeding heart and received naught but coldness. He stretched forth his hands to them, pleading for

sympathy, and they beat him back with sternness. Stung by their indifference, wounded by their taunts, he rushed headlong into revelry, in the vain endeavor to stifle his cares and his sorrows.

At last the life so full of misery and pain, of remorse and anguish, draws to an early close. With head whitened by sorrow, with body wasted by disease and sin, with heart filled with bitterness toward his countrymen, the man lies down to die. Even in his last hours there comes to him no peace, no quiet, and the troubled spirit, racked with anguish and despair, passes to the presence of its Maker.

Thus his life is ended. As he lies stretched in death, the awful pathos, the sombre tragedy of his life presses upon his countrymen until they turn to him with pity and with love. Forgetting the stains upon his honor, the scenes of debauch and sin, the dark hours in which passion dragged him from the path of right, they remember nothing except that a noble soul, filled with gentleness and kindness, has departed from them forever. With eyes filled with tears of compassion, with lips murmuring prayers for pardon, they tenderly and reverently lay him in his grave.

> "Sweet mercy! to the gates of heaven
> This minstrel lead, his sins forgiven;
> The rueful conflict, the heart riven
> With vain endeavor
> And memory of earth's bitter leaven,
> Effaced forever."

It is not for us to judge. It is for the God of heaven, the God of love.

NINTH CONTEST (1897)

INDIVIDUALISM

(W. F. EWERT, YANKTON COLLEGE)

The absolute worth of the individual is the basis of true democracy. Upon the recognition of this vital truth hinges the success or failure of self-government, the hope and happiness of mankind. The progress of society is dependent upon the unfolding of those principles that seek the highest development of the individual. Freedom to think and act and share in the responsibilities of government is a necessary condition of individual advancement.

This political liberty has been eagerly sought for in all ages; it has often been purchased with blood. It was not obtained by a single struggle, but its progress has been slow and painful, step by step.

The Magna Charta laid the foundation for modern political freedom; the Reformation swept away the pall of religious superstition, destroyed papal tyranny, and made man accountable for his sins to God alone; the Petition of Rights destroyed the theory of the "Divine Right of Kings" and established the belief in the inalienable rights of man; the American Constitution embodied the principles of representative government.

Political freedom has struck the shackles from imprisoned thought, and has given birth to the individual. Its growth has always revealed a healthful condition of society; its decline has been the harbinger of decay.

Two centuries ago the spirit of the age was voiced by the declaration of Louis XIV., "I am the State;" today representative government boldly

proclaims as a principle of modern social philosophy that "the state is made for man, not man for the state."

The state is but the means; the happiness and welfare of the individual the end. Wherever states have pushed forward, over-riding the privileges of the common man, ruin has inevitably followed in their wake. The great empires founded by Alexander and Caesar perished because their greatness was but the greatness of a single man. With them the state represented by a central power was the absolute authority to which the individual was compelled to submit. Their national greatness centered in a single idea; now the energies of man enter into widely diversified avenues of life; tremendous are the forces of modern civilization; magnificent are its possibilities. Back of all progress lies individual effort; back of individual effort is the incentive of final reward. This has been the silent force that has wrought the mighty changes in our social and industrial life. It has sent men in search of the precious metals in the depths of the earth; it has bound localities together with a network of steel; it has called into being countless workshops and factories, given wings to commerce, and converted arid wastes into fields of waving grain. It has done all this, but it has brought with it threatening dangers.

In a representative government opportunities are presented for an abnormal development of the individual. Man uses this freedom from restraint for his own selfish ends, in place of the common good of all. As a result, democracy has become perverted and individualism is once more in danger.

Gigantic trusts and illegal combinations cannot long conduce to national greatness, for they are

opposed to the development of individualism. They are the result of misdirected energy and tend toward a centralization of power. The mere fact that today millions of human beings are rising in their might and with stern determination are demanding the abolition of industrial tyranny, is sufficient evidence that the purposes of government have become diverted, and that the improvement of the condition of the masses has not been commensurate with the gigantic increase in the productive power of modern civilization.

Representative government may guarantee equal rights to all citizens, but vice and avarice are certain to rob the individual of his worth, and the state of its perpetuity. The lessons of the hour are plain. Large aggregations of capital, controlled by single men, which have sprung up in the last quarter of a century, are crushing out free competition, the life of trade, and destroying the opportunities for the development of the individual man. The entire social fabric has been shaken, class is being arrayed against class. Men who have always been peaceful and useful members of society are now tramps and outcasts, and capital itself has disappeared in the universal lowering of values.

The true conception of government and the secret of its success are being lost sight of in man's struggle for gain. The magnificent triumphs of the human mind should be but the agencies to lighten the burdens of man. Never should they be used for the oppression of the weak. The advancement of the individual should keep pace with the march of civilization. Man in his primitive state, though not always happy, was comparatively free. Unless the forces that have built up modern civilization have proportionately bettered the condition of those

who toil, industrial progress amounts to naught, government is a farce, and civilization itself is a failure.

As searchers after the truth, we cannot turn away from the destitution to be seen on every hand. Strange, is it not, that with the productive power of the world increased a hundred, aye, a thousandfold, there should be no greater improvement in the condition of the individual: strange that with a single loom doing the work of a hundred men; a single machine producing a thousand pair of shoes where one was made before; with the magnificent engine spending tons of energy with every pulsation of its iron heart; with mansions outshining in splendid the magic palace of Aladdin, and boulevards eclipsing the famous roads of Rome—strange, I say, that thousands should be shoeless and homeless and penniless, that life for a large portion of mankind should be a dismal failure.

What does this condition of things betoken? It means that those sacred principles fought for at Runnymede and Marston Moor, baptized in the blood of martyred heroes at Lexington and Bunker Hill and Valley Forge, consecrated by the lives of thousands upon our country's altar at Shiloh and Gettysburg and Spottsylvania, are being trampled under the usurping feet of might, that greed is invading the rights of individuality, that personality may soon become the helpless slave of corporate selfishness.

How can this centralization of power be checked, the individuality of the citizen preserved, and the perpetuity of the state insured? Man must see in the mighty power of organized labor and capital, not a means to enslave some and to enthrone others, but to promote the general welfare and to secure the common blessings of liberty. Instead

of being appalled by the sight of a hundred hovels standing over against the millionaire's palace, he must remember that the political power of the one is a hundredfold greater than that of the other. The outlook is not altogether dark. With a gradually improved system of voting whereby the voter may express his own will and not that of the "boss," with a civil service on whose banner is gradually being unfolded the motto "opportunity for all and privilege for none," with the newspapers and magazines flying through the land like the shuttle of a mighty loom weaving into the woof of the common people a sense of their privileges and duties—with these things already at hand, there opens in the face of our danger, a brighter prospect for the future. In the disruption of political parties, in the awakening of the individual to the dangers of the state, there is hope for better things. In the future men may write of a "Triumphant Democracy," but they will not be classed among the nation's patriots when they defraud their country by the sale of bogus "Armour Plates." Political parties will no longer be considered martyrs to principles when their principles are established by the million dollar contribution of the sugar trust. Out of the present chaos there will spring a new and better dispensation in which the individual will come to his own. The spurious individualism of selfishness must be rejected, and in its place must be substituted the true individualism based upon the sacred treasures of character rather than upon material possessions. No longer must Mammon be allowed to crush beneath his Juggernaut wheels the lives of helpless men, women and children. More clearly must be recognized the Christian principle of the worth of man as man. True individualism must manifest it-

self more strongly. Men must be more firm in their convictions of duty to themselves and the state.

It is not always wise to follow the wishes of the majority, for there are times when the majority is clearly in the wrong. Every great reform must be wrought against strong opposition. This is the supreme test of the individual. The hero of the hour must rise above the clamor of the multitude and in the face of persecution and ridicule lead the way. True, from the dawn of history those who have sought to better the condition of the individual man have been despised and rejected by their own age, aye, some have even suffered martyrdom; but the martyr of today is the hero of tomorrow.

"Thus humanity sweeps onward: where today the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands;
Far in front the cross stands ready, and the crackling fagots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes in history's golden urn."

Men come and go; but their individual efforts are their bequests to the world.

The opposing forces of justice and avarice will exist forever, but he who proves his love for untitled humanity in its struggles against forbidding social conditions will be enrolled among the names in the galaxy of the world's benefactors. Then the triumph of the individual will be the triumph of the state. Then the destiny of man will find its consummation in a social structure perfected by the highest individual development, in a government where the strong do not oppress the weak, "where virtue is ever triumphant and vice is ever crushed."

TENTH CONTEST (1897)

CIVILIZATION AND THE PROPHET

(MISS WINIFRED McVAY, DAKOTA UNIVERSITY

This oration also won first prize in the Western League of Oratory Contest held at Fargo, N. D., the same year—1897).

There is that which raises us above the order of the brute. There is a spark of divinity that disturbs our clod. There is a force that has drawn humanity up from savagery to nineteenth century civilization, that urges nineteenth century humanity on to heights of intelligence, known only to God.

Throughout the ages this force has worked until now we stand on the slope that swells toward the perfection of the race. We look back upon discord, tears and blood; upon those slow inclines and sadly frequent stretches of level where humanity has blindly stumbled up a little, or groveled upon the plain; where humanity has crowded and crushed brother humanity through centuries of darkness and confusion. We see how man has cast off his fetters and climbed up, step by step, toward God and day. We recognize in the fact of civilization the supremest fact of all history, and our greatest cause for pride, is the superiority of nineteenth century civilization over any of the past.

The world of activity today, is a world of order. System rules. We have cultivated a passion for unity. We have no patience with the poet who sings: "All things here are out of joint." Our civilization is distinct from any of antiquity in its eminently practical and critical sense. It decries all leaps of faith and blunders of prophecy. It demands reason, reason in everything. No object escapes the universal challenge "Show forth a purpose in existing." Above all is this the age of

science. The mountains are measured with plummet and chain, our thoughts with the ferule of criticism; a nation we test with a law, a man with a principle. No field is shut up from our science. We make us a scientific God and a scientific Devil, a scientific Heaven, and a scientific Hell.

Consistently then, this critical age inquires of civilization, if it be itself scientific, if there is a law for its development, a law for the progress of society.

Man creates society, and history records it. The events of history exemplify the spiritual life of mankind. The record of government, is the record of man's advancement, from the exhibition of savage force, to the exercise of civilized law. The record of religion is the record of man's uplift from an abject cowering before the terrors of Nature to an ennobling worship of Nature's God. The record of strife, is the record of man's emancipation from the argument of the war-club, the persuasion of the fire-brand, the art of cannibalism, to the argument of justice, the persuasion of truth, the art of arbitration.

The steps in civilization, are steps in the development of man. In every crisis of history, in every event that has rolled civilization forward, wherever progress of society has been marked, is inevitably found this other element, progress of man.

Greek civilization must not be measured by the glory of the state nor by the political weakness and briefness of its existence. Greek statehood declined, but Greek culture, wrought into the minds of men, lived on—lives today. It is the effectiveness with which it struck the bonds from the intellect of man and taught him to strive for the noblest in philosophy, literature and art that must ever be the pride of ancient Grecian civilization.

The glory of Rome, living, was the perfection in philosophy, literature and art that must ever be of her civil system, the magnificence of her empire. The glory of departed Rome is incarnate in her Horace, her Cicero, and Virgil, and in the principles of justice in law.

Whenever the movement in civilization has been retarded it has marked periods of waiting for the generation of spiritual force sufficient to move society forward. From the fall of Rome until the Crusades, society waited. Not quietly; there was surging to and fro. There was a chaos of warring peoples. There was confusion and blood. Man, animated by the savage spirit of resistance, dwelt alone in his fortified castle, without friends, save his family, without neighbors, save enemies. But in Feudalism was nourished the noble character that fruited in chivalry. Here were fostered the virtues of domestic life. Here first was placed upon the brow of woman the crown of honorable wifehood. Feudalism fell when man outgrew his feudal age and demanded a social system in harmony with his improved spiritual state.

The Crusades, that series of heroic movements that swept over the Western World turning the tide of social dissolution, and setting it strongly towards centralization, swept Feudalism away forever, and Christian Europe, with her unified nations, into a first existence. The Crusades did more. They made manifest the existence of mind among the masses. They deprived religion of its exclusive dominion in the realm of thought. They gave breadth of soul to the fanatical Knights of the Cross. They inspired a boldness that restlessly invaded and reveled in every realm of nature.

The Reformation finished what the Crusades began. It was the climax of the struggle of mind

for liberty. It was the successful insurrection of reason against Popery. It gave to modern civilization freedom of inquiry and liberty of conscience.

Everywhere progress of man and progress of society constitute the dual development of humanity. Everywhere the melioration of man, his advancement in intellect and morals has advanced the state. Everywhere the melioration of society, improvements in laws, in the administration of justice has uplifted the people. Everywhere the checking of intellectual development or the decline of justice in law has retarded civilization.

The development of civilization is dual. Is its end two-fold, is it manifold? Is it the perfection of the social system as Rome thought, or the perfection of religious hierarchy as Popery taught, or the perfection of mind as Eighteenth Century Europe believed? No. The preponderance of the civil principle led to political tyranny: Rome fell: the people went free: civilization rolled on! The preponderance of the religious idea led to tyranny of the Church: the Reformation struck off the shackles; conscience went free: civilization rolled on! The preponderance of mentality led to the tyranny of skepticism, materialism and all the follies and horrors of the so-called "Reign of Reason:" Christianity is loosening those bonds; the soul of man will go free as civilization rolls on!

Not states, nor creeds, nor knowledge is the supreme object of civilization. It is man himself. Whether Rome falls or revolutionary France floods Paris' streets with blood, civilization advances, bearing humanity through confusion and terrors to the perfection of peace, which is the perfection of liberty.

Civilization is a science: it is the science of man's subjective development. There is a law of

civilization: it is the law of spiritual freedom.

We hold up now in the critical light of this most scientific age the fact of our own American civilization and ask: Can it stand the test of prophecy? Is the issue of our many splendored nation wrapt in a scroll of darkness or blazoned on the sheets of light? Is the day of the prophet ended?

Are not the voices of our illustrious dead, our Washingtons, our Sumners, our Phillips, our Lincolns calling to us, "Is America free?" Is she governed morally or by force? By principles of social sovereignty or by principles of savagery? Are we still the freest people the world has ever known, the most enlightened, the most subject to moral government? We are at peace while the rest of the world is bristling with armies and bloody with wars. But evils dark and terrible exist, and posterity will judge our civilization by its unjust as well as by its just, by the misery of its one-tenth as well as by the happiness of its nine-tenths. Alienation of classes is loosening the ties of brotherhood and the wedge of fratridcidal hate is forcing its merciless point into the heart of society. Is America wholly free? Is there nothing more to be done?

Is America free, while industrial tyranny drives fainting men to hopeless tasks, tortures them to insanity, and crushes them into suicidal graves? Is this not slavery? Shall it not be called physical bondage?

Is America free, while thousands of human forms slink for food along darkened alleys, devouring the poison of the gutter, and hiding at night in a resting place of rags, in woe indescribable? While slums exist—populous cities of misery and crime—liberty cannot be shouted abroad in the land. Poverty is slavery, physical, mental and moral.

Is America free while diabolical appetite crucifies two thousand souls a year? While lust unblushing dwells among us, and the Scarlet Letter burns deep into the bosom of society? While thieves and murderers fill our prisons? While paupers, maniacs and waifs of unhallowed parentage crowd our asylums? Man is yet a slave to greed, to appetite, to sin.

What must be the task of the liberator? The power of law must restrain the despotism of accumulated wealth. It is infringing the rights of labor and economic freedom. It is dictating state policy and working political corruption. It is biasing legislation and warping the justice out of civil enactment.

Law alone cannot make men prosperous or happy, but law can give to every man an equal opportunity and an equal protection. Society established upon any other principle than community of interests, than the brotherhood of all cannot permanently stand. So Christ taught, so history confirms. Godless industry and Godless politics are as much in need of a Redeemer as Godless religion.

Weave the strong fibre of Christian altruism into politics, establish commercial relations in Christian honor and integrity and governmental and industrial oppression will be no more. Seal up forever those bitter fountains of despair whereof the people drink and perish—four thousand suicides a year! No longer leave eight million American youth un-schooled. Learn the sad lesson of the eighty-six thousand Wearers-of-the-Stripes that know no trade but law-breaking, no education but crime. Let not the future show that America established a nation in justice and liberty and then fell to gathering riches into her bosom, and filling her eyes with the pride of her republic, while

avarice, ignorance and sin were permitted to work the corruption of her people and destruction of her state.

A republic exists in the intelligence and morality of its people. A republic lives in the pure hearts, in the wise judgments, in the clean lives of its people. American republicanism is rearing with eager confidence a glorious temple to civilization. The foundation is laid in freedom of thought and liberty of conscience. The key-stone of the arched door-way, through which all nations enter, is equality. She has topped the structure with a gilded dome of civic excellence, and has run up glittering spires of commercial, literary and scientific achievements: but a sightless Samson of tortured and desperate humanity is feeling for the supporting columns. Will the temple fall?

Let the age itself, boldly claimed for science, stand the test of science. Let it prophesy:—A rose has no surer death than the worm at its heart, a man, no more fatal foe than the evil in his own soul. An army knows no greater danger than the traitor in its camp, a republic no surer destruction than its own people enslaved in ignorance, greed and sin. Bring education, bring enlightenment! Lift up, purify, Christianize, lest our greatness be brought low, or statehood perish and our boasted civilization crumble into dust!

We are the latest, the grandest people of history. Are we the last? Is the race in us to blossom into the peace of perfect freedom under the just laws of men and the holy laws of God? Or will the ultimate civilization know us only as a lost nation, one that heeded not the warning of its own prophecy until disaster seized it? Will the future civilization spring from our decaying mold? Shall it be written upon our fallen ruins: "MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN!"

ELEVENTH CONTEST (1898)

THE DECLINE OF CITIZENSHIP

E. T. COLTON, DAKOTA UNIVERSITY
Also winner of the Interstate Contest.

The London Evening News announced the result of the Greater New York election by this significant statement:

"The population of the second greatest city in the world has elected its ruler, and the morning after election the problems occupying his mind did not relate to the government of the city, but to squaring and rewarding his supporters."

Such is the dispassionate view of New World statesmanship from Old World perspective. It is a rebuke to democratic despotism, and a stinging reproach upon superficial patriotism. When the cosmopolitan press is bold to reflect thus upon American citizenship, the situation is portentous. What! Is the spirit of Faneuil Hall and Monticello dead? The spoilsman violates a principle of government as fundamental as did George III. He oppressed, the spoilsman usurps.

The usurpation becomes manifest under an analysis of government. Representative rulers are but the interpreters and agents of a collective will. The assertion of their personal will is supreme contempt of the inalienable rights of men. The amalgamation of interests in national life does not bind the many and license the few. It exchanges private opinion for public sagacity, and individual influence for mass momentum. The crystallization of a people's wisdom is national policy, of their energy, sovereign will. Whatever is not of these, is tyranny.

But government exists not only by the people; it exists for the people. The evolution of govern-

mental functions and the unfolding of human desire are parallel. The mission of the state no longer ends with standing armies and teeming commerce. Statecraft accompanies man in his higher walks, and extends on into the regions of his hope, where away from intrigue and clank of gold, destiny drops carnal form for the stately model of a divine architect—a hint of the possible, a sublime conviction of human dignity. Classified according to their recognition of this relation to human development there are three great types of state.

The first is vicious. The state is changed from means to end. Subjects are legitimate prey. Brilliancy and death distinguish the career, a meteoric flash, a trail of human ashes, a plunge into a tide of blood—French Bourbonism.

The second is lethargic. Government and people pause suddenly amid dazzling prosperity to glory in their civilization. It becomes immaculate. The once potent stimuli of the future deaden. The masses stagnate. The state disintegrates. Thus unhappy Judea decayed at the altars of her past. Tonight her millions without a country are the unbidden guests of Gentile nations.

The third type grasps the truth that man will not forever endure oppression; that he languishes in luxury; that he seeks not gifts but opportunities. Therefore, the worthy state proud of her stalwart son environs him with her majesty and power, honors his industry, exalts his intelligence, enthrones his integrity. Organized man, the patron of individual man, is the essence and justification of government. There has long existed among nations a deep conviction that the American experiment would decide the momentous question: "Will government vested in the common people endure?" The first hundred years triumphantly vindicated the

claims of freedom. Birth pangs were forgotten in the pursuits of peace; the invader was driven from our border; the bond of union was tested in fiery trial, and came forth annealed by war and blood. The second century is less auspicious. While material achievements have no historic parallel and baffle prediction, popular sovereignty has suffered the double disgrace of betrayal and defeat. Already the partisans of monarchy are jubilant. Shall we be longer deaf to the stubborn logic of facts?

The impending dangers have not sprung from new or transient sources. They belong to a genus that breeds in human nature, and is nourished by the centuries. Our civilization has developed two ancient foes of democracy, class rule and mobile centers of population. Their respective units are the politician and the great city. American politics is feudalized. Its barons are bosses. Their castles are cities. Their fiefs are states. The logical outcome will be a national league of lords. The widespread supremacy of ring methods, and the phenomenal growth of cities have already placed this ultimatum beyond the stage of prophecy.

The rise of class rule makes the passing quarter century epochal. Historians will define the period when dominion lapsed from a nation of thinkers to a coterie of traders. Behold the genius of this bloodless revolution—the professional politician. He rules for a livelihood and trades in public trust. Great convictions cannot control his unmoral nature. He champions good or evil as votes abound, and weighs public measures by revenue and pluralities. Dearer than the interests of home and country are the dollars of the Sugar Trust, and the voting vermin of the divekeeper. Denying kindred and native land, this creature dwells at the antipode of states-

manship—the re-embodied heresy of "state for its own sake."

Representative government assumes to gather in its councils the purity and wisdom of the nation. Professional politics has brought what? Integrity and ability are either proscribed from office or degraded by forces behind the scenes. Anomalies too common to excite comment are low rate lawyers on the bench, mediocrity controlling public boards and commissions, ex-pugilists in Congress. Thomas Platt and Arthur Gorman wearing the mantles of Hamilton and Dr. Franklin. If this be the drift of American life, it is the ebb of another civilization.

The status of our civic problems attests a regime either of incompetence or venality. Party platforms are burdened with the accumulated issues of twenty years. The Negro still sensual and illiterate is, by his life-long friends, apparently forgotten. Foreign immigration continues to inundate our institutions. The recriminations incident to every tariff revision place ultimate solution farther away. The Interstate Commerce fiasco, heralded as a triumph of Senatorial jurisprudence, has been shattered piecemeal by inferior courts and railroad counsel. And even now, with panic behind and national honor in prospective, the present Congress cannot conduct a great financial conflict above the plane of guerrilla warfare.

But national spoilsmen are antiquated. The new school fight in the open, are no longer the mob, but the regular army. Their leader is not a brigand lying in wait for a luckless traveler, he is a general foraging for his regiments. Municipal misrule has attained the dignity of a science. Tammany Hall, the terror of good citizens, is the perfection of modern methods and the envy of aspiring contemporaries. That pre-eminent career of triumph

follows no lucky star, its abuses are not prompted by peculiar depravity. The colossal ring rules by the law of price and steals by schedule. Organization makes sachems millionaires, and Richard Croker the despot of a larger population than Washington made free, and an empire richer than the Confederacy.

The future program of the boss is nationalization. The certain preponderance of urban population, with its notorious subservience to machine politics, allures unchecked ambition, and constitutes the most serious problem that American government will carry into the twentieth century.

Our cities are growing two hundred and forty-five per cent faster than the general population In 1860 one-sixth were in cities above the eight thousand class. Today one-third are there; tomorrow there will be a majority—a condition already realized in several states.

This rapid increment of cities must augment the period to democracy, and impatient cunning anticipates natural forces by consolidation. The day of counter rings merges into the day of ring combinations. Greater New York alone cannot dominate Empire politics, but a triple alliance with Albany and Buffalo is supreme. Pittsburg and Philadelphia jointly rule our richest commonwealth. Illinois is the creature of Chicago. The fraternal bond is interstate, and the mayor of the western metropolis, whose potency lingers in a name linked with two generations of civic abomination, travels half the continent to lend his magic presence against good government. The champion of corruption, whom he helped enthrone, now heads an open conspiracy to nominate a candidate for the presidency.

Is an inter-partisan league a chimera of the imagination? A greater vagary is the artificial dis-

tinction between spoilsmen. They present an unbroken line on every issue essential to our civilization. They cripple education—ignorance is blind. They do not lay a finger's weight upon foreign immigration, the bulwark of railroad caucusing and snap conventions. They do not bankrupt the campaign treasury by opposing corporations. Vice goes unchallenged—it is wiser than virtue, and knows its friends. The modern boss stands between this people and their destiny. New citizen generation, will you be the agent of his coronation or his downfall?

Experience has demonstrated that there is no relief in party panaceas. Organizations rise and decline in power, new growths succeed the old, but the manipulator is omnipresent and perennial. Turning out laden rascals to make room for a fasted horde is progress in a circle. Revolution is not regeneration.

Arraignment of the politician alone is equally futile and grossly unjust. The amputation of a member does not purge the system of blood disease. The sacrifice of individuals does not atone for national sin. Let a summons reverberate across the Western World calling to political judgment the American people. Whether seeking a cure or a victim, why not begin at the beginning?

What has replaced the spirit of the Pilgrims and Minute Men? The spirit of the stock exchange and wheat pit. American life in the delirium of a passion for gain has forsaken the highways to human greatness for the vulgar court of riches. A nation foremost in the quest for human rights swerved at a "yellow gleam across the world, and where it smote the plowshare in the field, the plowman left his plowing and fell down before it; where it glittered on her pail, the milkmaid left her milk-

ing and fell down before it." Commercialism has transformed a great common people, not into millionaires and tramps, but into millionaires, full grown and embryonic. The same mighty magician breathed the firedamp of personal greed upon public spirit.

The crime of the politician consists in fidelity to the spirit of his age, and the exercise of its business sense. In a mercenary age he made merchandise of the state. A motley host, moved by money lust to prey upon society, were pressing forward to buy indulgence, and he sold it; while citizenship abdicated the throne of this citizen-empire to pursue the fleeting image of a golden god.

The dying century brings us to the summit of the divide. The iridescent dream of fortune shades into a dark reality where the dual monarchs, monopoly and vice, hold high carnival. Citizens returning to duty by legions cry "legislate," but the occupants of the abandoned State House mock them with Allen bills and license laws. They cry to the masses "vote" and are answered by a new oath of allegiance to Crokerism.

There will be a weary waiting ere the old time dynasty of kingly men returns to power. The standards of a people are not the product of a moment, they are not destroyed by a breath. Captivity to corruption will disappear with the idolatry of wealth. Righteousness will reign when the father of the lisping citizen places character above cunning, and Garrison above Gould; when his mother knows ethics as she knows the fashion plate; when piety finds the primary; when business men scrutinize a congressman as they do a cashier; when plowshares rest and furnace fires go out election day; when college recluses are Seth Lows, lawyers are Choates, and preachers Parkhursts.

Hail, Civic Federation! Hail, Christian Citizen! Hail, Henry George, first fallen chief! Citizenship makes its final stand upon an eminence more lofty than Mont Saint Jean. On the plain below, the glittering arms of Mammon marshal in the confidence of a hundred victories. The splendid pageant moves our shifting senses to exclaim, "magnificent!" but our regenerate spirit discerns the death that follows in its wake. Is the conflict long, "Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, lest we forget, lest we forget."

TWELFTH CONTEST (1899)

OUR SOCIAL CRISIS

(H. A. RODEE, DAKOTA UNIVERSITY)

On June the 4th, 1897, in the home state of the President of the American Republic, the chief magistrate of seventy millions of people, an unfortunate human being, without trial or sentence, met a horrible death at the hands of an infuriated mob. Upon the tomb of this unfortunate man should be written: "Here lies Charles Mitchell, murdered by Enlightenment, in the name of the Law."

Such an atrocity in the very center of the world's civilization is an occasion for startling inquiry. Labored the founders of our political institutions in vain? Is the domestic tranquility vouchsafed to us by the organic law of our land an abandoned hope?

The spirit of mob violence and the Jeffersonian principle of human liberty can never be harmonized to form a basis of social conduct. They are irreconcilable. The former presents the outburst of uncontrolled passion. With no respect for property or human life it perpetrates public crimes to atone for private injuries. In times of war it extirpates an Acadian peasantry, exiles the brave patriots of Poland, storms the infamous Bastile and rejoices over the destruction of the Imperial Household. In times of peace it dynamites the Royal Palace of the Czars, precipitates a race war in the New South and stains the pavement of Haymarket with innocent blood.

The spirit of freedom is not so. It is the noble expression of a patriotic sentiment constituting the active impulse in such lives as those of Garabaldi and Abraham Lincoln. It has been a ceaseless inspiration to the reformers of every age. Through

its influence the name of a reluctant monarch was subscribed to the great Magna Charta, through its power it curbed ecclesiastical rule in temporal affairs and substituted popular government for the Divine Right of Kings.

Thus do liberty and violence become opposing forces, born of discordant elements: the one rooted in the primitive savagism of the individual; the other grounded deep in the humanitarian spirit of organized society. The advancement of a nation, therefore, depends upon the adjustment of these two factors, the individual on the one hand to society on the other.

Individual man is a paramount agency in both human upbuilding and human destruction. The one gave to the world a Charlemagne, the other a Nero; the one an Alfred the Great; the other a Louis the XIV. The individual is the precipitant of anarchy as well as the stimulus to progress. From the influence of a Robespierre or a Patrick Henry there may come French Reign of Terror or New World Republic.

Society also is a power for good or for evil. Social organism is the creation of individual man. He is its unit, the nucleus of its power, the origin of its disintegration. Human society is but the magnified representation of its integral parts. It can neither rise above them nor fall below them.

As a power for good society conserves and economizes human energy. It makes possible the telegraph, the railroad, the chautauqua and the city. It gives us the university, the church, the asylum and the hospital. It binds all interests together and distributes all blessings equally. It develops the humane spirit and cements the bonds of universal brotherhood. Is there suffering in our own land? Then with compassionate heart charity goes forth

into the darkness of tenement and slum. It places healing medicines by pallets of sickness, furnishes nourishing food for barren tables and folds a comforting shawl about shivering shoulders. Is there starvation in Russia? Then our own hearts are sad and our treasures speed swiftly at the call of destitution. Thus in the name of humanity and liberty the Red Cross Society and the American army have rescued the survivors of three centuries of Spanish barbarity.

On the other hand the crimes and outrages committed by society are appalling. As a power for evil society has defended the slave driver and his whipping post and with cruel complacency imprisoned a John Bunyan. We behold with horror the forms of Savonarola and Joan of Arc consumed in torturing flames in the midst of a maddened multitude, or call out against oppression in contemplating the slow decimation of the living in the rack rent of the Irish peasantry, the persecution of the Armenians and the starvation of the Cuban reconcentrados.

The same oscillation in a varied degree inheres in all mankind. It is not confined with geographical limits. It exists under every form of government. Thousands of marble headstones in national cemetery and southern battlefield are solemn witnesses which attest the awful penalty paid to expiate our own constitutional wrong. But the Emancipation Proclamation did not alter men's natures. It did not destroy the spirit of oppression. The frequent mobilization of state militia along our public thoroughfares and highways and the presence of federal troops in the city of Chicago indicate what? Industrial revolution? Yes. Industrial freedom? No.

Men's ideals have changed. The reign of the Planter has ended, the reign of the Millionaire has

begun. Commerce has overshadowed philanthropy and statecraft. The unprecedented opportunities for acquiring wealth and position have absorbed the minds of men. The exalted ideal of public duty has been compromised to satisfy the insatiate lust of personal ambition. Accumulated dollars is as great a recommendation to public position as duties performed. Cunning competes with intelligence in the battle of life. It is more practical to compute interest and clip coupons than to follow the Golden Commandment. Desire for distinction in the counting room and the stock exchange is primary to the fulfillment of life's nobler purposes. Politics is degraded by duplicity, and fidelity to party rather than service to country secures the emoluments of citizenship. The illustrious patriotism of Robert Morris and Daniel Webster is apparently forgotten, while the public admiration is deeply aroused by the business sagacity and herculean plans of a Pierpont Morgan.

The transformation has been gradual but complete. From a republic of equal citizens with democratic principles there has come a dynasty of industrial despotism. We have enthroned a hierarchy of political kings and commercial potentates. The combination is irresistable. Each dependent upon the other, they double their strength by uniting their forces. What shall be the issue of such a coalition? What has it already accomplished? Thoroughly intrenched in the citadels of legislative power, it defies the independence of the citizen and the majesty of the state. It usurps sovereignty in the name of Crokerism and holds the people of New York City in political bondage. It converts the municipality of Chicago into a machine for corporate plunder. It sends Matthew Quay and Arthur Gorman to the halls of the American congress to be-

tray the interests of the great Common People. It has made possible the most gigantic monopolies that the world has ever known. The Standard Oil Company and the Coal Combine of multi-millionaires have arisen. Their power is prodigious. They enforce their edicts and exact their tributes from the sweat of industry with a front more invincible than the point of the bayonet. The Sugar Trust is with us. One-fourth of a cent per pound extorted from the tables of the poor adds $40,000,000 to its annual profits. While the Amalgamated Steel Combine, with a capitalization of $200,000,000, is heralded as the commercial triumph of the centuries. And what is the revelation in this? Unanswerable statistics expose the past and foretell the future. The per capita wealth of the United States has trebled in fifty years. In the same half century our people have gravitated to the extremes of wealth and poverty more rapidly than hitherto in the history of the world. Today ten per cent of our population own seventy per cent of its wealth, while one-half of seventy millions of people own less than five per cent of our country's inheritance. Industrial freedom perishes and society languishes, but this is not all. It has ushered in an epoch of strife, of lawlessness, of violence. It has given us strikes, lock-outs, and riots, mob rule, lynchings, boycott, and anarchy.

On January 17, 1898, nine thousand weavers at New Bedford, Massachusetts, driven to despair by a cruel and arbitrary reduction of wages, dropped their shuttles with a prayer to humanity for succor. The blasts of midwinter were upon them. Strong men, fragile women, and innocent children succumbing to cold and hunger lay down to die. Ten days later, while the moans of destitution still issued from their lips, one thousand members of the Manufacturers' Association held a royal banquet, costing

fifteen dollars a plate, in the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, New York City, to proclaim to the world the revival of business prosperity. Prosperity for whom? Prosperity for the agriculturist, when the Millers' Combine and the Board of Trade fix the price of produce? Prosperity for the factory operatives, when they are turned out by thousands in the dead of winter? Prosperity for the coal miners, when they are shot to death by hired assassins? Prosperity? Prosperity for a few individuals. Prosperity that has created corporations stronger than the sovereignty of states. Prosperity that has sold at auction half a million homes and mortgaged posterity for alien gold. Prosperity? Plutocracy!

The century of the world's greatest achievements closes in the turmoil of social agitation. This unrest is the legitimate product of modern industrial conditions. Its beginning was contemporaneous with the origin of these evils. Of slow, but continuous development, it has reached the climax of governmental danger—the point of violence. The outlook is foreboding. Violence is the ultimate and most awful recourse of human life. Its shibboleth is death. Its cataclysm is limited only by the ferocity of human nature. Its harness is the gallows, the guillotine, the battle ax and prison pen. Having its only justification in rebellion against tyrannical government or the defense of human life, it is now turned loose upon trembling institutions and helpless individuals. The cry is not to uphold but to tear down, not to protect but to destroy.

Colossal effects must come from a colossal origin. There must be one fundamental cause of anarchy, one Goliath error in society. The crisis has arisen from a misapprehension of human rights. Individuals banding together have arrogated to themselves the right of combining powers financially

and politically to enrich themselves legally at the sacrifice and oppression of society. Society in turn unable to endure this reign of extortion, resolving itself into mobs has claimed the same right of combination for violent and lawless resistance. Thus is the battle line drawn. Both in the name of rights, both in the wrong. Let mankind learn that rights are inherited by virtue of birth and realized by virtue of state. That rights are neither the emoluments nor offspring of corporations, combines, mobs or clans of any kind. That rights are rights everywhere, at all times and for all classes.

The principle of genuine reform must be evolutionary not revolutionary. People must be educated in the knowledge of social relations. The individual should know the inner circle of manhood as well as the outer circle of citizenship. The necessity of the times is not for more or diverse parties and organizations: the supreme need is for men; men of ability, men of principle, men of sympathy, men who thoroughly understand the needs and rightly interpret the appeals of suffering humanity.

We stand at the daybreak of a new century. Thoughtful men gaze through the horoscope of the future upon the momentous problems of the race. They are perplexed to discern whether we are approaching the era of our national splendor or entering the cycle of a long eclipse. The vantage ground which we now occupy has been attained through the toil and travail of generations. Their course is strewn with whitened skeletons and crimsoned with blood. Conflict precipitated in ignorance may close in tragedy, but the apostles of progress in prophetic vision proclaim an eternal faith. "For they doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs, and the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

WENDELL PHILLIPS

(WALTER R. HUBBARD, HURON COLLEGE

In the State Contest of 1899, the oration of Walter R. Hubbard, Huron College, won Second place, and the oration of H. A. Rodee, Dakota University, won First place. In the Inter-State contest, these two orations were reversed—Hubbard taking First place and Rodee, Second. Therefore, both of these winning orations are given).

On the morning of December 8, 1837, a multitude of eager, earnest men poured into Faneuil hall in Boston. News had come from Alton, Illinois, of the brutal murder of Lovejoy, the fearless defender of free speech and champion of even-handed justice for the negro race. Conflicting feeling swayed the multitude as waves are driven by an ocean storm. A part of that surging crowd in Faneuil hall had come to approve the action of the murderous mob. A part had come with hearts filled with indignation.

Resolutions were offered condemning the action of the Alton mob. The sentiment of the assembly seemed to hang in the balance, when in the gallery arose the attorney-general of the commonwealth—James Trecothic Austin. He began to harrangue the crowded hall with all the practical arts of the demagogue. He heaped personal abuse upon the author of the resolutions, condemned Lovejoy in unmeasured terms, praised the "orderly mob" which wrought the editor's death and justified its action. With passionate prejudice he turned the opinion of the meeting against the purpose of those who called it and when he retired the old "Cradle of Liberty" echoed to the applause of his ignoble sentiments. In Boston, in Faneuil Hall, he who dared to stand for the freedom of the press and for even-handed justice was maligned and mocked while men approved. As the crowd became a mob in its mad applause it

seemed as if American liberty must be strangled in her very birth-place. But in the midst of the tumult a young man gained the platform to uphold the sacred cause of liberty. With consummate tact and skill he began his reply and held the vast audience spell-bound while he upheld the resolutions and transfixed with lightning anathemas the brutal apologist for murder. The old hall rocked with the uproar of contending factions but he held the mastery and ceased only when he had utterly overwhelmed the attorney-general and his argument, and had snatched complete victory from defeat.

That triumphant, youthful orator was Wendell Phillips. The nation was soon to learn his name and feel his matchless eloquence as he pleaded the cause of a down-trodden race until she had loosed the fetters of her slaves.

When we speak of the abolition of slavery we think only of Lincoln's inspired proclamation, forgetting that he, like all statesmen, was powerless to take such a measure of his own volition. America forced him to yield to her will, and then praised his glad obedience. But who waked America's slumbering conscience until she cried to free the slave? Who planted the seed that blossomed in the Proclamation of Emancipation? William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips. Others there were, who rallied to their standard, but these two stood giant-like among them. For thirty years they had cried like Israel's prophets against the nation's sin. But for their work, Sumner had never reached the Senate, the impassioned philippics of Henry Ward Beecher had fallen on deaf ears, and the immortal "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had perished, as born out of due time.

In the early thirties when the abolition movement first began to demand attention the slave

power sat in every high place, dominating the thought and dictating the laws of the country. It was entrenched behind the Constitution. It was fostered by the laws. It was upheld by vast money power. When a few brave men started a crusade against it they met with an opposition fierce and violent enough to have appalled any but the most dauntless. Their meetings were broken up, their leaders were mobbed, their property destroyed and themselves treated with every possible indignity. The pulpit thundered against them, defending slavery as a Biblical institution. The press cursed them, while their own publications were excluded from the mails. Society scorned them, and in the bitterness of its hate the benevolent state of Georgia set a price upon the head of Garrison. Sixty years ago it was as popular to be an abolitionist in America as it was to be a Christian in Rome in the times of Nero.

At this time Wendell Phillips was a young lawyer in Boston. Fresh from Harvard College in the bloom of youth, wealthy and eloquent, he was the pet of Boston aristrocracy. A large circle of influential friends had high hopes for him and Justice Story prophesied for him an unprecedented career. He had a rapidly increasing practice and it seemed as if he would surpass even the fondest hopes of his friends. But God had marked him for a nobler work. Pure and noble in his character, he had become convinced that slavery was a curse; but he hesitated to join the abolition movement. By such a step he had nothing to gain and everything to lose. But right and conscience triumphed, and, after counting the cost, to the disappointment of his friends and the intense chagrin of his family, he gave himself heart and soul to the cause of Anti-slavery, conscious that he would get no reward but

hisses, and have no guide save the light of his own conscience. But ah "how far that little candle throws its beams!" Upon the lyceum platform, in halls and churches it grew to be a beacon-light, warning America against shipwreck on the rocks of slavery.

We point to Lincoln and tell with pardonable pride, how he surmounted the obstacles which humble birth and poverty had placed in his way. A noble example! But nobler still is the sight of Wendell Phillips, thrusting back every offer of wealth and distinction which the world might give him, to become the scorned and hated "friend of 'niggers,'" to become helper and friend of Garrison the "black" and hated abolitionist, upon whose head was set a price! What American ever showed greater moral courage? What reformer ever made a greater sacrifice?

From the moment he espoused the Anti-slavery cause he became a leader. His first great speech in Faneuil Hall revealed his power, and gave him a nation for an audience. From that moment he set himself to crush the power of slavery. Far-seeing and dispassionate, he saw that his hope lay in arousing the masses. He saw that the immortal principles of the Declaration of Independence contemplated universal freedom and enfranchisement as their natural and inevitable result.

He began to agitate the question of negro slavery, now here, now there, but at every opportunity. Confronted with mobs again and again, derided by press and pulpit, he pressed steadily on, confident of the ultimate triumph of right, making no compromises, asking no favors, and knowing no retreat. In nothing else was his character more sublime than in his unfaltering faith in the triumph of truth. Other men might stumble and go astray in the dark-

ness of self-interest, but his pathway was always bright with self-sacrifice and devotion to duty. Rising like a mountain peak among his contemporaries, he caught the earliest beams of a nobler civilization dawning upon the world, and he failed not to reflect them to the plains below.

Reformers tend to become excessive. The slavery agitation showed the need of other reforms and many of the best of the abolitionists enlisted under these new banners. Some of the reformers were ready to adopt every "ism" and every new idea, good or bad, which looked to change. But Phillips, anxious to further every movement for the betterment of humanity, always carefully distinguished between liberty and license. He espoused every cause that had its rise in justice and right, but turned a deaf ear to the wild shouts of the iconoclasts. Some of the noblest reforms of today are still indebted to his genius. Reforms in Penal Legislature, Equal Suffrage, the Temperance Reform, the Labor Problem and many others—all claimed and received his thought. His philanthropy knew no limits of race or condition and of him too we might say: "His toleration was as broad as human nature and his sympathy as boundless as the sea."

When the war was over and the slaves were freed, Garrison and others, thinking with strange shortsightedness that their work was done, withdrew from the Anti-slavery organizations. Not so Wendell Phillips. He saw that the work of the abolitionist did not end with the mere emancipation of the negro. He had worked not more for the overthrow of the slave-power than for the overthrow of all systems of law which denied the negro the rights of citizenship. The negroes of the South just freed, were in danger of being denied the franchise, but at the call of Phillips the abolitionists rallied to their

aid. During the years of reconstruction his was the voice that cried for unbiased justice and from end to end of the North went home to conscientious hearts. He went from city to city speaking for the enfranchisement of the negro. His speeches were copied far and wide and many of the leading papers gave space for editorials from his pen. Freed from party lines he wielded a greater influence than any statesman, and, by arousing the Northern conscience, brought forth the crowning glory of our Constitution—the Fifteenth Amendment. "More than to any other," says Senator Henry Wilson, "more than to all others, the colored people owe it that they were not cheated out of their citizenship after emancipation, to Wendell Phillips."

Thus he stood, a complete victor, after a life-long battle. The nation was ready to give him almost any civic honor. The hissing mobs of his earlier career had given place to applauding millions. Most men would have retired from the battle-fields to enjoy the fruits of victory—most men would have done so—but not Wendell Phillips. "New occasions teach new duties" was his watchward and now, as aforetime, he brushed aside personal honors to give himself to the help of oppressed humanity. The reforms he then embraced are yet before us, radiant still with the impress of his genius. As to them let future generations judge, and with fresh glory crown his eloquence.

Most men who reach the heights of greatness are noted for some particular talent by which they have risen. But Phillips was distinguished by the quality and range of all his powers. Wherever duty placed him he towered above his fellows. Some few mistakes he made to show that he was human, but when he saw himself in error, he never hesitated to acknowledge it. Not even his bitterest foe dared

assail his private life, while often his public enemies were his personal friends. Born and bred an aristocrat, he freely gave his life to the service of the most lowly, deeming no task too heavy for him to undertake, no sacrifice too great for his philanthropy. His own time may not have granted him all the honor that was his, but he does not need it. The story of his life is his noblest eulogy. The peerless orator, the broad-minded reformer, the devoted patriot, the consecrated Christian, he stands towering aloft in the greatness of his genius—serene, fearless, incomparable. Our praises cannot add to his fame. Our blame could not dim the glory of his life. Give but the story of his life and centuries hence, when Justice, Truth and Virtue are enthroned, impartial History, seeking to do honor to her noblest sons, will lay at the feet of Wendell Phillips—statesman, hero, man—a nation's gratitude, a world's renown.

THIRTEENTH CONTEST (1900)

AMERICAN PROBLEMS

(James A. Walton, Redfield College)

The progress of humanity during the century just closing has been more rapid than during any other like period. If by progress we mean the struggle of humanity to realize itself, to develop higher forms of individual life, as well as a nobler national righteousness, then our nation has been the most progressive in the world. Starting a little over a century ago, a handful of people with only a small strip of territory along the Atlantic, without money or credit, without army or navy, without standing among the nations, foes without and foes within, we have attained an eminence where we stand as one of the greatest among the nations.

Territorially our expansion has been unparalleled. During the last years of the eighteenth century our boundary was the Appalachian system, next the Father of Waters became the goal of possible extent. Today our nation extends from sea to sea, and the garden of the Pacific and the fertile island of the Carribean sea are integral parts of our Republic.

Commerce and wealth have readily kept pace with territorial extension. It is the Englishman's boast that he is manufacturer to the queen, the American's that he is manufacturer to the world. We are leaders in the great industrial competition of the world. We send American cotton to Asia—through our own port, Manila—American iron to Australia, American steel to Egypt, American conduits to Glasgow and American locomotives to Canada and Russia. The increase last year of the

shipments of manufactured iron alone was $105,680,000.

We are outstripping the mistress of the seas, and the limits of our foreign trade have by no means yet been reached. In Africa the demand for American goods has been continuous and China is being opened up to American commerce. As we view the present commercial expansion we feel that the future has greater wonders in store.

There is no country better equipped educationally. Public schools are the great lever which elevates our children to the plane of intelligent, loyal citizenship. One of the features of education in this epoch is the extension of all forms of instruction to the people. Thirty-two states have adopted the compulsory school laws resulting in a largely increased attendance on the public schools. The grand total enrolled in public and private schools at the close of 1898 was over 17,000,000.

We have today a population of 75,000,000 with wealth untold, with possibilities beyond measure, with educational advantages unlimited, with commercial interests unparalleled, a great and happy people, honored among the nations, with more of comfort, happiness and freedom than any other nation past or present.

But with our great opportunities and possibilities have come greater responsibilities. The moral and spiritual growth must keep pace with the material. Questions have arisen unforeseen by the founders of our Republic; problems that are of deepest moment to the state; problems which unsolved retard the development of freedom and righteousness in our nation. Let us consider some of these.

Political corruption is in evidence on every hand. On all sides we see the scramble for office; cities making law ridiculous; citizens selling their birth-

right for money, driven to the polls and voted; citizens turning over their rights to professional politicians whose highest aim is to fill places of responsibility with a low order of intelligence; United States Senators—serving the state for its spoils—effectually opposing the will of the people, and educated men recreant to political progress.

When we come to the conflict between labor and capital, we find a widely prevailing hatred. This gap between rich and poor cannot be closed until masters learn to value men more than they value things. Within this generation have grown up two black passions, each debasing to society: the greed for wealth; the hatred of capital. The wage earner especially in the large cities has become a wage slave. The laboring man has no day sacred to rest and the enjoyment of his home. Do you wonder that Christian men feel the hurt when denied their Sunday's rest by their employer? Do you marvel that honest men feel the hurt when they know what hunger is, and what it is to hear their children cry for bread and sunlight, while before their eyes is the wasteful luxury of the rich whose every window is open to the sun? Factories, shops and tenement houses, where gloom reigns, might be as halls of light and health if masters would only give to the laborer a little of his due.

Deep in the heart of society is the core of selfishness. Any form of self-worship or self-absorption is the essentially wrong idea. The secret of the cure is found in this, you serve yourself by serving others. As slavery fell before the patriotism of this country, so also will selfishness go down before the law of love.

There is another menace to our civilization which we cannot, dare not ignore—the saloon. It threatens the home, the state, the church and the

best interests of humanity. If we are to succeed in any alteration of our political machinery, the saloon must be defeated in its work of debasing American manhood. Municipal ownership of street railways cannot be a success while the municipal government is controlled by whisky politicians. Direct election of United States Senators will not produce anything better than Quays and Murphys if voters are corrupted as they now are by saloon politics. Politics in large cities have become little less than an organized appetite. What will our "benevolent assimilation" of the islands avail if the islanders are debauched by American liquors? In the first five months of 1899, $690,000 worth of liquors was exported to these islands. The saloon in America and our possessions is an agency that blocks the upward way. The first step to successful political and social reform must be over its ruins.

The problem of immigration is of no small importance to our land. The number of immigrants during the fiscal year just closed was over 300,000. Commissioner Powderly recommends that the immigration laws be made more stringent and asserts that even under present rigorous conditions a large number of persons come here who are paupers or physically incapacitated. Men who do not appreciate the progress and happiness that may come to them in this country should be excluded. Those who enter our land and here resist law and throw bombs into the streets were never citizens of any land. Their minds are too narrow to hold the idea of a state. The true citizen does not live for self alone. He feels the agony of the millions and grows ambitious for humanity. We must make citizenship a high calling and the right of suffrage a holy and unsullied trust.

These are some of the conditions. What is the true solution of these problems? Good progress has been made in eliminating hatred and prejudice by the development of education and Christian citizenship. The charity of the rich is flowing into the channels of practical helpfulness thus manifesting the brotherhood of man. These powers for good shall at last crush out the evils of this hour. Then will be ushered in the glad, new day of outpoured light.

Education is reaching out along many lines. It is filling the minds of the American youth with the principles of liberty and truth. The steady flow of educated men and women from our universities and colleges is what keeps our life as pure and high as it is now. What is a country to expect of its educated young men? To lead his fellow men toward higher conceptions of national honor and civic duty. Whenever dogmas have turned the mind from men, literature and art have stepped in to save the precious things of society. This has been done by teaching through prose and verse the principles of duty, justice and love, by portraying man as a brother of all mankind and a citizen in the realm of law and love. Let us teach youth to study man in his needs—the most vital subject of thought in the world; to think deeply, love greatly, strive mightily for moral ends and character which is the true uplifting force in a Republic. That bigness is not greatness, nor vulgarity simplicity, and that the rule of the majority is not the moral law.

What should be our attitude toward existing evils? One of hopefulness. We must not yield to despair over the shortcomings of these passing years. The evils of today are not great enough to menace the life of the State. "God never scooped the Mississippi for the grave of a Republic, nor

poured Niagara for its dirge." Comparing the past with the present, we find we have made marked progress both socially and politically.

Today woman is on equal terms with man, the shackles are broken from the limbs of the slave, and "a schoolhouse is on every hilltop." The standard of health, temperance and beneficence to the weak—even to animals—has been noticeably raised. The masses have received popular recognition and rights far beyond the dreams of their leaders of a century ago. The government of the people is growing stronger every year. Religion has been taken from the realm of theory and creed and applied to the life of the individual and society. Sectionalism is no longer known. There is no North, no South, but a great united people.

Let us not despair of the future of the common people. For centuries they have been serving the favored few. Educate them! Let them have full access to books, art, the sunlight and beauty of God's world. As sand cast into the furnace comes forth resplendent crystal, so from the ranks of the common people may come another Lincoln to bless the world.

The need of today is men and women who are not indifferent to the moral darkness and misery in the world; who will take an active part in political life not to get something out of it but to put something into it; who will make it easier for good politicians to remain good men; men who will grapple hand to hand with iniquitous power "that peace, truth, brotherhood, freedom shall be no longer the rhetoric of the platform but dominant, sovereign facts of life." Here is an optimism that can be attained by all; it is founded not so much on thought as on action. What we need chiefly is a race of statesmen who are nurtured in the ideals of true

patriotism, who are trained to estimate rightly the trend of events, who are animated with the noble purpose of serving the State for the sake of the State.

Would you help to usher in a nobler national righteousness, the brotherhood of man? When the voice of truth speaks that holy word charity "in its larger rendering of love, brotherhood and self-sacrifice, obey it, and leave the metaphysics of the question to take care of itself." That happy day will come not by magic or science, tempest or fire, but by the entrance of education and the spirit of love into the life of our nation. "Ring out the old! Ring in the new!" the great moral renaissance, the new learning of the mind and heart, the new types of man and woman developed by liberty working within the domain of love and law.

God keep our Nation through the dangers of the coming years. May the lustre of our flag never be sullied by warfare for conquest! May it never advance save to bring liberty and self-government to all beneath its folds. May it ever float unchanged, save by the blossoming of new stars in its celestial field of blue. God preserve the birthright of the one Nation whose ideal is not to subjugate but to enlighten the world.

FOURTEENTH CONTEST (1901)

TITO MELEMA

MISS EDITH NOBLE, DAKOTA UNIVERSITY
Also winner of Interstate Contest

In the historical romance, Romola, George Eliot has created a masterpiece of treason. Tito Melema will ever be a warning to the world—his character a wonderful product of evolution, sin-blighted in the midst of perfect nature. The calm skies of Southern Europe manifest omnipotent mercy; the soft breezes lift upward the adorations of nightingale and incense of rose; the rigid and unyielding Alps re-echo the bugle-call of austere purpose, and the rolling waves of the Mediterranean voice obedience to divine decree; yet, out of it all, we see him rising in defiance of nature, society, and God—one of the blackest monuments of literature.

It is seldom that fiction creates such a masterpiece of evil. But George Eliot recognized that temptation follows hard on the heels of ambition; she knew that base power is the legitimate offspring in the union of a quickened intellect and a dormant heart; she was conscious that to the mind steeped in sin, honor is a mockery, virtue a lie; and it is for these reasons that the author has set against the beauty of nature and the innocence of youth an unparalleled silhouette of direst wrong and unrelenting retribution—a warning solemn and awful.

No man had been more favored than the young Greek. For sixteen years, Tito Melema had been nurtured as a cherished son by Baldassarre Calvo, who owed him no more than the world owes any man —the consideration due to humanity. Yet, rescuing the boy from penury, the foster-father had lavished upon him wealth and luxury, learning and love.

There had been years of travel in countries rich in the treasures of ancient civilization. Together they risked barbarian hatred in search of wider culture. But the risk was fatal. Turks captured the galley, and separation came with shipwreck. Yet the sea could not quench the sturdy life of the youth. Wresting himself from the grasping waters he found refuge in the city of Florence. Who ruled the winds that their wreaking wrath should have made possible such opportune anchoring?

The initiative acts of Tito Melema's scholarly career exhibited a trait that foretold his ruin. Blessed with learning and talent, he was guilty of basest ingratitude. For the obligation imposed upon him, he offered the crime of disloyalty, and, alas! beneath his gigantic wrong, the innocence and purity of youth were forever crushed! In the separation that came with shipwreck, what had become of Baldassarre Calvo? Had he escaped the bloodshed of a struggle with Turkish captors? Whatever it was, whether slavery, wandering, poverty or death, to him Tito Melema owed an untiring search. Postponement of honor, aye, a life of futile, dangerous toil, would have been but a just requital for years of devotion. Baldassarre Calvo might be a slave, looking to his son for emancipation. Stripped of wealth, perishing among strangers the bowed, grey-haired benefactor might be blindly groping for a place to die. Gratitude and pity must have warred with selfish ambition, and alas! ambition was the victor. Loyalty shudders at the price Tito Melema paid for prosperity—the freedom of his benefactor.

The heinousness of the desertion appalls. Two antagonistic possibilities were presented: vigilant solicitude, neglect. Recognition of the obligation would have been but the natural loyalty of devotion; disregard of it was the faithlessness that culminated

in treason. Learning was no antidote for the bane of sin. Tito Melema had stolen the knowledge of heaven when he learned the secrets of the ages. But genius failed utterly to lead the transgressor to repentance; it had no alchemy to transmute sinner into saint.

A message came from Baldassarre: "I am sold for a slave. I think they are going to take me to Antioch. The gems alone will serve to ransom me." His chains were a plea for rescue. Victory could be wrenched from the jaws of defeat, if Tito Melema would but choose the union with God that makes man triumphant over faithlessness. But to leave Florence after months of passive disregard of his father's fate would be a confession of guilt. Should he expose popularity to censure? Should he abandon growing success for years of blind search? No, Baldassarre must suffer!

Treachery followed treachery until fealty was supplanted—it was the inevitable expansion of evil. The first insidious deed was the death-knell of every faithful impulse. Twice he chose to betray; twice he trampled on his nobler instincts; twice he scorned allegiance. Devotion was fast becoming an impossibility. Active wickedness followed passive weakness. Schemes of faithlessness he cherished even in the presence of purest love. His marriage to Romola, the daughter of the blind Bardo di Bardi, forged another chain of relation. Years of worthy, but fruitless effort to transform wide learning into imperishable literature, had culminated in the intense desire of Bardo di Bardi to preserve his priceless library. The betrothal was a tacit transfer of this duty from father to son. But the price of the library would repair Tito Melema's dilapidated fortune; and the dying wish of a broken-hearted scholar bound

him no more than the sunbeam stays the course of the tempest. For sordid gain, a traitor!

The betrayal of country was inevitable in the character of that man who scrupled not to sell his father's freedom. But patriotism was not bartered in a single transaction. Lack of devotion was lost in indifference, indifference grew to unfaithfulness, unfaithfulness bred desertion, and desertion ended in treason. Troublesome times came to Florence. The diplomacy and popularity of Tito Melema became the servant of the Medicians, struggling against two factions for the city's freedom. The peril of the Medicians was the peril of Tito Melema. He purchased his own safety with the heads of five of the leaders.

God of Heaven and earth, is there no vengeance for such awful deeds? Is Justice dead that she metes out to evil no measure of retribution? Is there no longer judgment for crime? Ah, yes, for surely treachery is its own worst punishment! Tito Melema, drink the fatal hemlock your own hands have distilled!

In the merciless heat of a tropic sun, an old man toiled, a slave. In the loneliness of bondage, passionate heart and stricken body cried out in anguish. His son—the boy whom he had lifted from beggary to wealth, from cruelty to tenderness—his son would surely save him. In the filthy hold of the pirate ship, and on a hot coast, scourged by tyrant taskmasters, even his clanking chains rang with the hope, "Tito will find me." And yet, that rescue never came;—hope, doubt, despair. But at last, in the very city of Florence, the thongs were cut from the wrists of the bent captive. Freedom! but a freedom that brought only knowledge of desertion, and that wrung from the startled Tito a cry of denial, "Some madman, surely." Hope en-

tombed, doubt dead, despair born, revenge conceived! The sweetness of devotion turned to the bitterness of gall. Hate became passionate as love. Would Baldassarre Calvo never hear a cry of pain for the light laugh of that gay, handsome man, reveling in gilded glory? His maddened brain was charged with a single purpose: with his own hands to wreak vengeance upon that beautiful form. Can you wonder that revenge conquered him, you who have felt the depths of human love and human wrong, who have been stung by the ingrate?

On the swift wings of Nemesis Justice overtook laggard flight. The wrath of Florence was baffled only to give place to waiting revenge. The swift current of the Arno sought to save him, but it bore him into the very hiding-place of the seeking Baldassarre. It was the day of revenge, the hour of retribution! Death hung its chill gloom over them, as the hardened hands of the worn-out scholar clutched the blackened throat of his son—a traitor poisoned by the venom of treason!

In his evil career, Tito Melema swept the gamut of human possibilities; and as the quiet beauty of a summer's day perishes in the fierce onslaught of the hurricane, so his life, begun in promise, was blotted out by the swift-gathering storms of sin. Yet he still lives, not a mere fictitious creation, but the exponent of a living principle. Centuries ago, Tito Melema was a Sejanus, inciting Tiberius Caesar to duplicity; today, he is a political boss, wheedling thousands into dishonest votes; lured on by hope of public honor, he incites political faction to break faith with the people. As a tradesman, made greedy by gain, he transforms honest competition into bitter strife, imperiling the prosperity of the commercial world. As a social menace, he maintains the divorce court; heeding not the desolation of loveless

homes, he upholds an impure standard, masked by the semblance of chastity, pouring into the veins of the twentieth century the hot blood of lust. With hollow worship and the religious fad, he opposes the simple purity of the Christian life; and unmindful of retribution, denies universal fraternity as the expansion of individual relation to God—robbing the Church of power.

Must we admit that our nation, tutored by freedom and grown sturdy in loyality, is becoming blind to the advance of infidelity? We condemn the anarchy that murdered King Humbert, while our own land hides the grave of Guiteau. We sneer at English piety befriending the opium traffic, and yet throttle state prohibition in our own country. We scoff at the corruption of French militarism torturing a helpless Dreyfus. Look you at Tammany Hall! A fair political organization, nourished by upright men seeking to strangle an insidious monarchial spirit. Tammany Society has been transformed, by the intrigue of such men as Aaron Burr, into Tammany Hall, with an influence so malign that honest men cry out in desperation of fear: "Will it plunge a nation into destruction?"

Would we rear a defense? History and fiction join hands to build it. Victoria, the God-fearing queen, a splendid tribute to fidelity; Patrick Henry, inspiring a despairing nation in a struggle for liberty; Gladstone, exalting statesmanship by unswerving passion for right: such are safe-guards against treachery. But not all: boldly against that noble background stands the traitor of literature. It is the relief that makes the warning picture. Fear of the condemnation of baseness supplements the inspiration of grandeur, giving force and endurance to the powers awakened. Tito Melema is a monument of warning whose colossal proportions shadow

the world. We scorn his odious mind, we pity his selfish heart, we resolve to shun the dark deeds that submerged his life in ruin. Literature has breathed into his calamitous decline the breath of justice. May the fire of his judgment purify the world of treason! As the Lord God liveth, every Sodom shall perish in the flames of its sulphurous brooding cloud. Can we fathom the punishment? Behold the traitor, king of a lone, loathsome isle, groaning out eternity in desertion and remorse: the only sight he sees, the desolation his own hands have wrought; the only sound he hears, the taunting echo of his own ingratitude—his, the desolation of Tyre, the ruin of Gomorrah!

The sacred writer inspired of God, the historian thrilled by love of liberty, the author discerning human danger with united voice proclaim "Anathema Maranatha" upon the ingrate and the traitor. For one hundred years profane history has perpetuated a picture of base betrayal and remorseful exile in the man who raised an evil hand against a struggling nation—false to country, Benedict Arnold! For two thousand years, sacred story has breathed its curse upon him who sent innocence to its crucifixion—false to Master, Judas! And now, fiction with her facile pen has written on the lasting walls of literature, never to be erased, never to be dimmed, the name of the man who sacrificed loyalty for ease, integrity for fame, manhood for prosperity; a traitor to friend, father, country, God—Tito Melema.

FIFTEENTH CONTEST (1902)

FROM FAME TO INFAMY

CLARION D. HARDY, DAKOTA UNIVERSITY
Also winner of Interstate Contest

Two memorable graves in the cemetery of Princeton college contain all that is mortal of two memorable men. Peacefully entombed here lie the ashes of a father and a grandfather. Imposing headstones record their deeds of virtue, love and patriotism. At the foot of these two graves is a third. No epitaph recounts the mighty deeds of its silent sleeper; no loving hands decorate that obscure sepulcher; no friend lingers to drop a tear of fond remembrance; that home of death is deserted, unmarked and desolate. Here rest the remains of Aaron Burr.

The early life of this remarkable man was spent amid circumstances the most favorable for culture and intellectual growth. Naught was lacking that the most ambitious youth could desire. The refinements of home and nature shed their beneficent influences about him in childhood; wealth, opportunity, and the best advantages of school and college blessed him in young manhood. He possessed a dignified presence, a fascinating personality, and a brilliant intellect, that served him well in all his relations to society. These God-given powers won him honors at Princeton, glory on the battlefield, leadership in the senate and national fame as vice-president of the United States. In this high office we see him rise to majestic greatness—the idol of an admiring people. From Maine to the Carolinas, from the Mississippi to the Atlantic, Aaron Burr was trusted and honored. But this man of colossal genius, the organizer and leader of democracy, falls

from his position of power, the object of universal hatred and execration.

While yet vice president, he became an independent candidate for governor of New York, using the political methods of an infamous party organizer and an unscrupulous demagogue. Denounced as such by Hamilton, he quickly revealed his hatred and enmity by challenging his rival to mortal combat. Hamilton sought to avoid this extremity, but in vain; Burr would try honor upon the field of death.

Behold these men on the morning of the eleventh of July, eighteen hundred and four, standing on the heights of Weehawken, awaiting the moment for action. The mind of one longs for home, wife and happy children; that of the other dwells only on the present moment and gratification of revenge. In the heart of one throbs the kingly spirit of a patriot; in that of the other burns the fiendish desires of an Iago. The countenance of one is calm and serene, reflecting the thoughts and purposes of a guiltless soul; that of the other is black with passion, revealing the hatred of years, the soul of a satan. Here, upon these heights, under the clear blue of the morning sky, the evil genius of Burr assaults the holy spirit of a patriot and wins two victims—the soul of Burr, the life of Hamilton. A man of principle is slain on the altar of folly, revenge, ambition. The spirit of passion confronts the spirit of patriotism; the latter loses a defender that the former may win an ally. This tragedy was more than a struggle between man and man, between politician and politician; it was a mighty combat of passion and principle—a combat typical of the eternal warfare waged wherever humanity exists. In the hearts of men, in political parties, in the great nations of the earth, the battle is ceaseless.

It is inherent in man to respect the rule of law and abhor the supremacy of passion. Burr violates this sense of justice, and is rejected by friends, despised by opponents, branded as a murderer. Henceforth flee whither he will Burr shall not escape the crushing burden of a nation's righteous wrath. To the north, to the south, to the east, to the west, it shall follow him forever and ever.

Driven from his palace on Richmond Hill, he sought the west, but his evil ambition was ever with him. Aaron Burr saw pathless forests and untracked prairies stretching toward the sunset; gleaming lakes studding the landscape and shimmering rivers winding lazily toward the seas. With all this wealth of opportunity before him, his active brain plotted and schemed until the possibility of a mighty kingdom captivated him. Here, here will he build an empire; of all this, he shall be the crowned monarch. On yonder hill shall rise his capital; upon this crest will he rear his castle. Aaron Burr must sit upon a throne.

He seeks aid on a beautiful island in the Ohio. Harman Blennerhassett had here erected a palace. Wealth and peace reigned supreme, a loving wife and children blessed him, the charm of books and the mysteries of nature guided his thoughts. In the midst of this quiet scene the seducer appears. Aaron Burr comes, for he needs money. The tempter tells of greater riches and power; calls up images of royal banquets and noble titles, stirs the soul with glories of battle and the triumphs of war. This peaceful life is transformed into one of excitement and disquiet. The unsuspecting heart of the listener is captive. Blennerhassett is snared in ambition's toils. Aaron Burr had turned this Heaven of love in to a Hell of discontent; for what? He led this man to devote his money to a base and

ignoble cause, for what? He drove the lovely mistress from that palace to leave her an outcast, at midnight, upon the desolate ruins of a former home, for what? To gratify ambition incarnate. Napoleon may conquer Europe; Aaron Burr shall rule the western world. He will forget Quebec and Monmouth, and place upon his own brow the monarch's crown. From the scene of murder he flees to become a traitor to country.

The chronicles of Greece or the annals of Rome record no more tragic example of fallen greatness. Aaron Burr, heroic, marshals troops, plans battles, supports Arnold, aids Washington; Aaron Burr, passionate, rejects principle, kills Hamilton, seduces innocence, corrupts Blennerhassett. Burr, the politician, thrills a senate, denounces despotism, inspires multitudes, competes for the supreme honor in democracy; Burr, the traitor, succumbs to lust of power, deceives friends, plots his country's downfall, sinks into ignominy, the victim of selfish ambition.

This reign of passion has ever been a foe to society and a menace to government. Supreme in the hearts of enemies, it cast John Bunyan into prison, burned Savonarola at the stake, and nailed the Son of God to the cross. Supreme in the lives of men and nations, it engulfs them. Through it Napoleon seized the throne of France, hurled Europe into chaos, but reaped an exiles' fate on the lonely shores of St. Helena; through it Benedict Arnold turned traitor, betrayed his country for English gold, but died a castaway in a foreign land; by it Rome rose, flashed the splendor of her greatness across the world, but fell drenched in blood; by it Venice reigned, sent proud flotillas to the bounds of the sea, but is now a stalking shadow on the border ground of history.

The evil that ruined Burr was not born in the prime of manhood but had its inception in the days of youth, when he rejected the Christians' Bible and the Christians' God. By this decision Aaron Burr discarded the basic element of moral character. He renounced the controlling force that makes the heart a symbol of virtue, tempers violent passion, rebukes lust, and guides ambition. Rejecting the faith of a Paul, a Luther, he chose the hollow mockeries of a Judas, a Nero. Casting away all respect for God and hope of immortality, he reached man's estate utterly devoid of moral sense. Thus his vicious spirit was at restless enmity with the ethical; falsehood fought against truth, usurpation, against justice, lust against chastity, selfishness against altruism. Without a religious helm to his ruling motive this man worshipped but one deity—self. Wrapping the mantle of virtue about him, he fascinated the innocent only to leave them filched and destitute. He would fight for his country, when it brought him power and pelf; he would destroy it, when it ceased to serve him. He was a leader at the bar, not in behalf of justice, but for sordid gain; he developed skill in politics, with no thought of enriching his generation with true principles of government, but that his arm of power might be felt in every city and hamlet of the land; he was fascinating in private life, not to please and entertain, not to instill higher sentiments of purity and honor, but that he might broaden his sphere of influence and satisfy his licentiousness. In public life he was a Talleyrand, in private life a Mark Antony.

But not all desire for leadership is ignoble or unjust. The principle of altruism is the groundwork of all legitimate ambition. It is the spirit of love working in all the relations of society. It wages a war, relentless and internecine, upon selfish-

ness, and abhors passion. It animates the statesman and scorns the demagogue; respects law and crushes anarchy. Its setting is virtue, its watchword is service, its hope is Eternal life.

The world's heroes have been ambitious, but their ambition was noble. The aspiration is sublime that impelled Washington to leave Mt. Vernon for Valley Forge, which sustained him in that terrible conflict from Lexington to Yorktown; that aim in life is glorious which guided Florence Nightingale into the wards of suffering and disease; there to lave the wounds of strangers, to receive the last message of dying heroes, to minister even to the weakest and poorest of earth's creatures; that desire for leadership is exalted that moved William Lloyd Garrison to brave the threats of Boston mobs that he might make the chattel a man; that ambition is ever revered that inspired Abraham Lincoln to toil for years in obscurity, that urged him to guide the nation through the long and bloody struggle from Sumter to Appomattox, that made him the savior of the Union, the emancipator of a race.

Mankind sitting in the high courts of enthroned justice will ever condemn Aaron Burr to public execration, but posterity should always grant a sigh of pity for him in death. With the silver of eighty years touching his withered brow, with a body weakened and a mind broken, he gazes upon a dark eternity. In that silent bed chamber I see him in the throes of grief and remorse. His defiant soul is humbled and his proud heart broken by the death of his beloved Theodosia. This was the greatest loss in his tragedy of sorrows, and with the death of this loved one Aaron Burr was forever "severed from the human race." I see him, joyless and alone, dying in a lonely garret. No hand is there to smooth his troubled brow; no whisper of hope reaches his

ear, while death hovers over him, eager to grasp its victim, and the great clock of time is slowly ticking out the last moments of his wasted life. In that eye, now glazing in death, there gleams no hope of immortality, no trust in God. Aaron Burr, forgotten and perishing, owns not a single friend to weep for him as he silently enters that dark, endless night of death.

Oh! Immortal Man! Hear the warning of defeated greatness. From the distant gloom thou mayest hear his blighted spirit uttering this solemn admonition:

Mortals, hastening through life, architects of soul eternities, would you leave your impress on a nation's heart, would you be honored in the halls of human memory? Put on the armor of Eternal Truth, live for humanity. Would you ennoble self? Forget it. Would you assure your soul an Immortality? Employ it for God.

SIXTEENTH CONTEST (1903)

GOETHE

(MISS ANNA BAGSTAD, YANKTON COLLEGE)

We think of human life today as a thing planned, whose end and aim is perfection. We are not willing to believe that any life was intended to be a partial, a fragmentary thing. We reject the ascetic ideal because asceticism tends to the limiting and restricting of power. We believe in the fullest development; we believe in the abundant life. He whom we, in strictest speech, can call a man must be a harmony of the physical, intellectual and spiritual, brought to the highest perfection—a being "clear and universal." Nearest to this ideal is the poet-philosopher, Goethe.

More than seventy years have rolled away since Goethe died. Seventy years of progress, of change so rapid and so radical that one might almost say a new world has come to replace the old. Horizons widening, light undreamed of, flashing upon our vision, life interests and relations bewildering in their multiplicity, clarion calls to action that will not be unheeded. The present—the today—teeming with possibilities, with problems, with duties; what time have we for the past? Let it bury its dead!

Yet are we not the "heirs of all the ages?" Whence comes our inheritance? What is this that we call the present? Who shall draw for us the dividing line between that which is and that which has been? What do we mean when we speak of the living and of the dead? Lived Christ only in the first century? If he lives not more vitally in the twentieth century, then it were better for the world if he had never lived. Surely it was not Shakespeare who died on that English April day,

three hundred years ago. Dare we say that McKinley's life was ended by the bullet of the assassin? Say rather transfigured, exalted into a potency that shall work for private purity and civic righteousness in all time to come.

"What is excellent," says Emerson, "as God lives, is permanent." And no artificial boundaries of time or place can confine the spirit that is truly great. He bequeaths a heritage unto all lands and tongues and centuries. He is the world's like the air and the sunrise and the starry heavens.

It was about the year 1772—Era of paramount Voltairism, the day of the Infallible Encyclopedia and the Gospel according to Jean Jacques Rousseau. These two Frenchmen, Voltaire and Rousseau, had for three decades guided and moulded the thought of their time. Voltaire stood for rationalism, for the supremacy of the intellect; he fought manfully to enfranchise the understanding. But he lacked insight into the deepest and sorest needs of the time. His was the spirit of denial and destruction.

Rousseau, on the other hand, "dreamed, brooded, suffered" to liberate the heart. His ideal was the natural life, raw, crude, unrestrained, the life of the emotions. This became the ideal of Romanticism.

The new literary movement, so called, had come gradually upon Europe. It stood for freedom —for religious freedom from creed and dogma, for civil freedom from political tyranny, for freedom from convention and fixed rule in art—for the freedom of the individual to live and to feel as nature intended that he should.

It was a beautiful movement—in theory at least. It was effective too, for it broadened men's minds and deepened their sympathies and kindled life into

a new warmth. But the leaders of the movement lacked clearness, discipline, self-control. Liberty became synonymous with lawlessness and license. Vapid sentimentality and sensuousness became not only tolerated but lauded because, forsooth, they sprung from the heart. Introspection, brooding over real or imaginary sorrows, sapped the vital energies and diseased the mind.

A young man has just returned to his father's house at Frankfort-on-the-Main, fresh from the university, a doctor of jurisprudence at twenty-three. There are wild rumors afloat concerning his student days. The veneer of the schools has not affected seriously this lithe-limbed son of nature, whose great eyes those who looked into them never forgot, this German Apollo with the tumultuous dark hair. And he is the compound of the wisdom and the folly of his age; the "Storm and Stress" of the conflicting currents of the time, meet and beat in this youth.

He is passionate, discordant, defiant of all order and restraint; he is by turns a skeptic and a devotee; he is lawless insurgent, explosive, sentimental, vacillating between wild hilarity and tearful meditations on suicide.

This was the Goethe of 1772; the product of his age with all its agonized aspiration and excess, the pupil of the self torturing Rousseau, he who had invested all passion with a halo and "made even madness beautiful;" this was the author of Goetz von Berlichingen and the Sorrows of Werther.

Of these romance heroes, Goetz is a free-booter, Werther a dreaming sentimentalist who shoots himself out of love for his friend's wife. Both are but phases of the character of the young Goethe. They are such men as Byron might have created and did create. These discordant appeals to a time out of

joint became the sensation of the hour. They made Goethe the literary lion of Germany; his fame spread over Europe; he was hailed the leader of Romanticism.

But the mind that produced these works had already passed beyond the delirium they express. He had begun to see clearly, to look not at himself, the picturesque volcano, but at the plain with its commonplace men, with sordid every day affairs. He had seen the disease of his age, had portrayed, had been the disease; he was to become its healer.

But the tide of popularity, the storm of applause—is he able to resist that? This glorious youth whom it would seem the gods had anointed to lead men into that fairy realm of absolutely unrestrained liberty, into that nature state above and beyond all physical and moral law—dared he refuse? Publishers thronged him with demands for more of Goetz and of Werther. Here was wealth and a kingdom.

He had been a dreamer, he would be a doer, a helper. Was this to be attained by the swashbuckler's sword of Goetz, by the dreams of the mystic? No! he followed the only rational way, he learned by doing. The poet was silent, Goethe the man, labored with men; he made their interests his interests. For ten years in the little grand duchy of Weimar, he planned and constructed roads, he organized fire departments. The selfish sorrows of Werther were forgotten in the joys of a life devoted to human service.

Did the spirit of the poet die during those ten years of apprenticeship? Had not the Apollo sunk into a mere martyred Prometheus chained to the earth? Farther from all thought of martyrdom man never was. Those ten years he calls the second period of his literary activity; and yet he wrote

nothing. He had learned—what? The lesson that Rousseau and Shelley and Byron never learned, the lesson of order. He who had defied all law had come to know that all life and all activity, to be effective, to be beautiful must conform to law; that liberty itself must come, not through violence and anarchy but through submission to physical and moral law. He found himself now, as he tells us for the first time tranquil and happy, resolved to deal with life no longer by halves, but to live resolutely for the Whole, the Good and the Beautiful.

He was thirty-six when he left Weimar for Italy. There he awoke to the splendors of classic literature and classic art. Beauty had been the object of his sensuous love; he saw it now for the first time in all its holiness. With renewed zeal he gave himself to literature. In his dramas and in his matchless lyrics there is all the freedom, ease and grace of Romanticism and there is all the symmetry and consummate art of the classics. He had traced poetry, painting, and sculpture to their source; he had mastered the laws that govern the beauties of art.

His interests extended to all life and to all knowledge. Like another Pericles he drew unto himself the best of all lands and times and systems.

The tragedy of Faust, begun in his youth, became the crowning achievement of his old age. It is the great drama of life woven with masterly skill upon the framework of an old tradition. It is as varied and as splendid in its variety as was the life of its author. Not content with the theatre of earth Goethe, with more than Milton's daring, made heaven and hell his stage. He mingles the remote past with the eternities of the future. God and the archangels, Satan and his hosts, Helen of Troy and the heroes of ancient Greece, Grecian art, modern

poetry—all are united in this poem, the greatest of the century and—shall we say—of modern times.

But Goethe's life is more wonderful than anything that he has written. It is his noblest work of art. He stands for the complete development of the individual. He is himself the clearest example of that individual most worthy to be called a man. "He is neither noble nor plebean, nor liberal nor servile, nor infidel nor devotee, but the best excellence of all these joined in pure union." He, and he alone of the thoughtful men of the time, lived out his life, active and hopeful to the end. The English Byron, the most powerful of his contemporaries, dies at thirty-six exhausted in body and in spirit. Shelley at thirty-one seeks death in the sea. Wordsworth and Coleridge, when the enthusiasm of youth had been chilled, when an impossible liberty had proved a delusion, these men withdrew themselves into a narrow shell of political and religious conservatism because they dared not face the future. "Goethe, too, had suffered and mourned in bitter agony over the spiritual perplexities of the time; but he has also mastered these. He has risen above them and he has shown others how to rise above them. And he believes, not by denying his unbelief but by following it out. Not by stopping short, still less by turning back in his inquiries, but by resolutely prosecuting them. How has this man to whom the world once offered nothing but blackness, denial and despair, attained to that better vision which now shows it to him, not tolerable only but full of solemnity and loveliness!"

"More light!" were the words which closed the noble fifth act of the great drama. To the young nineteenth century, he bequeathed the works and the example of a man, clear and complete and harmonious—the noblest type the past can give, the

fairest inspiration of what the present with all its large opportunities is able to become.

Let us cease then, to think of this man as merely the contributor of a few good volumes to the world's literature, as an eighteenth century German who paved the way for a free and united nation. That is all true and excellent had he done no more. But he inaugurated a new life. He stands for a new Renaissance, for the life of the spirit in the modern world. He first saw its possibilities, he first revealed the grandeur of its achievements, he enunciated the laws that must govern those achievements. His gospel of hope, of cheerful, patient, unceasing activity, of resolute living for the whole, the good and the beautiful—does not that ring re-echoing through the best that men think and do today?

He mingled the passion and enthusiasm of youth with the sane wisdom of manhood. He has revealed life abundant in the full consciousness and control of its powers. "He is the prophet of mankind under new conditions and new circumstances, the appointed teacher of ages yet to come."

SEVENTEENTH CONTEST (1904)

OLIVER CROMWELL

(JAMES E. CROWTHER, DAKOTA WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY)

The beginning of the seventeenth century marked the decline and fall of true kingship in England. When the House of Tudor, strong, proud, imperious, closed its eventful history, the insignia of royalty passed to the Stuarts. Strength, pomp, and pageantry lay buried in the sepulchre; weakness, mediocrity, and pedantry sat upon the throne. How great and sad a change! For nearly two centuries England had been governed by powerful rulers, who, whether loved or hated, were always feared. But the Stuarts were neither loved, hated, nor feared; they were despised, loathed even by steadfast loyalty. Incompetence was their heritage; it characterized their reign from first to last. They were egotists, ignorant of the temper of their people, unobservant of the times. Recklessly would they open the flood gates of national wrath, then strive with puny hands to stem the whelming torrent, or retreat with ridiculous haste. A nation's pride was wounded, her honor outraged, her most sacred rights trampled in the mire. A people's welfare was bartered in the shambles of alien powers, and their treasure forged into fetters to bind the limbs of Liberty. At last came the inevitable rupture, when King and Parliament made their appeal to the sword and plunged England into civil strife.

The demand for reform materialized in the Puritan standard of government, whose fundamental principle was man's freedom and God's sovereignty. The theory of the "Divine right of Kings" was a challenge to Puritanism, and a trespass upon the in-

alienable rights of the people. The question to be decided was, "Shall the King have arbitrary power?" It was a battle for liberty, the cause of our common humanity. The two armies were representative of democracy and autocracy; beasts of burden were arrayed against beasts of prey. Such times demand and generate greatness. In response to the call of freedom, Oliver Cromwell stepped into the arena of stirring action, full panoplied in the maturity of his manhood. He came as a knight errant, heralding the fall of tyranny and the rise of democracy. He was the product of revolution, the embodiment of puritanism, the "Grand Remonstrance" personified. His martial genius, his statesmanship, and his personal character eminently fitted him for a task to which God had joined great issues—the saving of the nation and of Puritanism. Like a mighty oak endued with strength for storm and turbulence, he stood militant, brawny, majestic.

The revolution called forth the martial greatness of the nation; it was a conflict of giants. Towering above all in Royalist or Roundhead camp stood Cromwell, the commander of the Parliamentary forces. The blood of Achilles was in his veins; the omnipotence of a mighty purpose possessed his soul. He was built on the Old Testament plan, his warfare savoring of the battlefields of Joshua and Gideon. How striking the contrast between this genius of Puritanism and Napoleon Bonaparte. "God is on the side of the big battalions," said the French despot. He relied on military strategy and powerful artillery; Cromwell relied on the Lord Omnipotent. The secret of his invincibility was his praying cavalry. He knew that the power of an army consisted not in numbers and armaments, but in giant souls impelled by noble purpose. Cromwell's Puritan character was manifest in the "massive

directness" of his attack. Welding his Ironsides into a thunderbolt, he would hurl them against the enemy's center, breaking through the stoutest regiments, and scattering them like autumn leaves. See him at the battle of Dunbar. Never was a general in more hopeless plight; the sea behind him, twenty-three thousand jubilant foes on the hills before him, his own force reduced by disease and death to less than half that number. On the morrow, the decisive battle of the Revolution was to be fought. All night long through the drizzling rain these Puritans prayed to the Lord of Hosts; they prayed—and kept their powder dry. Before the break of day the trumpets pealed forth and the battle began. For an hour the conflict raged furiously on the right; the two armies now advancing, now retreating, swayed and grappled as in the throes of death. Suddenly fell on the ears of the enemy the measured thud of galloping steeds, and above the din of battle was heard the chanting of Psalms. Like an overwhelming avalanche, Cromwell's Ironsides swept round the hill, and with mighty battle cry, rode proudly toward the center of the enemy, while the sun, breaking through the morning mist, cast its radiance over the sea and hills, and flashed along the glittering lines of steel. Then Cromwell rising in his saddle with uplifted sword cried, "Let God arise and let His enemies be scattered." Horse and foot now charged resistlessly on every side; the Scottish ranks fell back wrecked and shattered in tumultuous flight. Before nine o'clock, three thousand of the enemy were slain, and ten thousand prisoners with all their baggage and train were in the hands of Cromwell, who lost not thirty men. Such was Oliver Cromwell, the invincible warrior! Pride of the nation! Born to be a king!

As an organizer and leader of men, he ranks among the world's greatest statesmen. At the close of the Revolutionary War, England was a house divided against itself; religious and political factions were quarreling over principles of government and clamoring for supremacy. The people, trained in a school of tyranny, were unprepared for self-government; they could dethrone their king, but they could not crown themselves. Chaos reigned supreme; anarchy or a return of tyranny seemed inevitable. There was but one alternative; some strong man must unify the dissevered and discordant elements, and guide the nation to safety, prosperity, and peace. That man was Oliver Cromwell; the exigencies of the hour pronounced his name. We need invoke neither craft nor ambition to explain his political supremacy; it was the triumph of capacity. His leadership, his discernment, and his comprehension of vast problems mark him as a great statesman. He saw through the seventeenth century glass, darkly it is true, but he saw. He was a man in advance of his time, a pioneer of Anglo-Saxon democracy fighting his battles on the outposts of civilization. The glorious thunders of Naseby and Marston Moor were to be heard again at Valley Forge and Gettysburg. In his warfare, he had drawn the sword against crime as a crowned and gilded institution. The jewels in the Stuarts' crown were crystallized from peasants' tears; their royal robes were crimson-dyed with plebeian blood. Cromwell cut the despots' shattered sceptre through, and wrote as in eternal brass the thing that should not be in England. But after the battle of Worcester he sheathed the sword forever, and addressed himself to the work of reform. His rule as Protector of the Commonwealth, though arbitrary, was beneficent. His despotism was not the mountain tor-

rent, covering fruitful fields with worthless drift, but the overflowing Nile, making deserts to blossom as the garden of the Lord. National prosperity, religious freedom, and higher education attended his administration. He staunched the bleeding wounds of Protestantism and dried her tears. Kings and prelates made restitution for wrongs inflicted; pirates cowered in their caves. He befriended the American colonies by freeing them from rapacious governors; he seized Gibraltar, the foundation of England's world-wide expansion, and became the father of her maritime greatness. "Never was any man so conspicuously born for sovereignty." He saved a nation from anarchy and bankruptcy, and gave to her name imperishable glory.

But superior to all achievement is the man himself. Character is nobler than intellect; integrity than genius. Cromwell's richest legacy to the world is the moral force of personal virtue. His life, unsullied by private vice, is a standing rebuke to all iniquity. He could say with another, "You may write my life across the sky, I have naught to hide." He stands forth amid the corruption of his day, like a sun-crowned mountain peak, regal with dignity beyond that of kings. His appreciation of the magnitude of his task often made him moody, silent, melancholy. To him, every moment trembled with possibility; every hour was big with destiny. He lived as one who should give an account to the Sovereign of the Universe; his whole life was crowded with sacrificial service. Few men have been so misinterpreted as Cromwell. His early biographers, being royalists, wrote with malicious pen and spake with venomed tongue, picturing him as an unmitigated hypocrite, the embodiment of insatiable ambition; as an outlaw, who stirred up insurrection against the king, and then usurped the

throne. The greatness of his genius was an object of envy to jealous inferiority. His supreme confidence in himself and in his cause, they ascribed to egotism; but it was the same quality which made Savonarola, Luther, and Paul molders of world thought and world destinies. Cromwell was a "practical mystic," the most potent of all combinations. He was endowed with a power of reticence which was sometimes to pass for hypocrisy, with an adaptability for adjusting means to ends often taken for craft, and with a high-hearted insistence on determined ends which some called ambition. Nor do we blush to eulogize him as an outlaw. As the avowed foe of crowned presumption, he stands side by side with that "immortal rebel," George Washington. With these two stands another insurrectionist who went to Heaven from a scaffold, and ascending bore with him the fetters of four million slaves, which by Heaven's strange alchemy became his diadem of glory, and John Brown demonstrates to the world that a man may be a rebel and yet a patriot. When Cromwell died he was buried in Westminster Abbey, "the temple of silence and reconciliation." But on the return of Charles the Second with his retinue of lewdness, the royalists disinterred his bones and buried them beneath the gallows. Look we for justice among such men? If we would know Washington, Hamilton, Jay, or Adams, shall we look to sneering cavaliers who drank the health of good King George? Yearning to interpret the Christ life, shall we sit at the feet of Pharisee and Sadducee? See the travesty which they nail to His cross, the record of His life and work, "He made Himself the King of the Jews." Such was Cromwell's epitaph; but it has been erased and revised by our later seers whose verdict is based not on prejudice and acrimony, but

on equity and truth. Today we laud him as a saint, a patriot, an uncrowned king. Kingly indeed was his life. Leisure, comfort, fortune, home, were exchanged for anxiety, hardship, peril, and calumny. Yea, he counted not his life dear, but laid it ungrudgingly on the nation's altar that she might know the truth which made her free.

At last, worn out in the service of his country, he lies down to die. It is September the third, sixteen hundred and fifty-eight, the anniversary of Dunbar and Worcester. A terrific storm sweeps over the land, beclouding all nature with darkness and gloom; a funeral pall enshrouds the nation. The angry tempest calls with brazen trumpet as if to battle—aye, to the last battle. But to Cromwell it is the echo of Heavenly bugles, calling him to the presence of his King. Borne in the chariot of the tempest, his mighty soul, storm-tossed these many, many years, mounts upward to the plains of light, there to be crowned with more than royal splendor, his eulogy pronounced by lips divine.

Like Moses, Wycliffe, and Savonarola, he sleeps in an unknown grave; but his "spirit with theirs lives to exalt mankind." Fain would we turn our footsteps to his shrine, for it is hallowed ground where heroes rest. But this can never be. No cathedral or mausoleum shall ever receive him; he belongs to all the world. Cromwell is enshrined in the heart of humanity.

EIGHTEENTH CONTEST (1905)

ROBERT BURNS

(BURTON F. TANNER, DAKOTA UNIVERSITY)

By the middle of the eighteenth century, true patriotism in Scotland had passed away. The people were no longer thrilled with the heroic spirit of Wallace and Bruce. The inspiration of the olden time was gone from their life. Scotia's sons were stern and rigid as her crags and cliffs. Cold and indifferent, they followed grimly a line of conduct, caring little for the woes of men. Theirs was a world of fact, not of feeling. They closed their hearts to all beauty and tenderness; and before the grandeur of nature or amid the sorrows of men, they were alike unmoved. A cloud, thick and heavy as night, floating just above the earth, shut out from their vision the true God. They thought him a tyrant. Calvary shed no light of love to illumine the heart and inspire the soul. In the life of the rugged Scotchman, emotion had no place. Duty, "Stern daughter of the voice of God," ruled supreme. Into such environment came the plowman poet, Robert Burns.

Men differ in their estimates of the character and motives of this man; but they agree that he was a genius. We pause before judging him, lest we condemn where we know not. But he is ourselves cast in larger mould. His good is only better than ours; his evil worse. It is not our purpose to discuss the morals of Burns except to say that judged by the French, his morality would not be questioned, but thrown against a Scottish background, he is a black spot on white canvas. Believing in the great law of summation, we shall not rant

or rail against the detailed evil of this erratic child of Scotland, nor flaunt his faults before the world. We shall judge him by his struggles, and by his achievements.

This peasant was born on a wild night in January, 1759, in a clay cottage on the banks of the Doon. He came amid the turmoil of nature, and soon gave evidence that the unrest of the tempest was in his soul. The first hours of the babe were portentious; they seemed to foretell the gloom and sorrow of the future. The Ayrshire boy was out of harmony with his environment. His was a responsive nature, longing for sympathy and inspiration; but the barren social life of the age had little to give. Men about him saw fact farthest from fancy, and thought a show of tenderness and emotion was weakness. The dull, prosaic life of the Scotchman gave him no impulse for upward climbing. In that cold world his fiery heart was ill at ease. He was a stranger in a strange land with nothing but the hills and valleys to inspire him. His whole life was a battle with the social condition without and his native moral tendencies within.

The mental endowment of Burns made his life a tragedy. He was a man of brilliant intellect, strong passion and weak will—a disastrous combination, Good and Evil met giant-size in his heart, and a battle ensued. Like Byron and Poe his life was a conflict because passion was stronger than will. In his perplexity he became moody and melancholy; each moment right and wrong fought for supremacy; each day saw a crisis. Only the innate principles of his soul, the principles of "The Sermon on the Mount" could save him. But he did not listen to the voice from heaven. He was alone, sorely smitten by the unrest of sin. Unable to withstand the buffets of an unsympathetic world,

worn by contending passions, he begins his descent into Avernus. Oh, that he might meet some strong, noble character, great enough to overpower evil with good. His actions are no longer tragic but pathetic. In his pitiable weakness, Burns loses the virtue dearest to every Scotchman—his sobriety; and with each step he sinks lower. With what pity do we look upon the suffering of this genius. How he struggles to rise only to fall again. With what bitter anguish he recalls his days of innocence. With what determination he resolves, come what may, to be strong, but he cannot, his will is gone. Leaving God out of his life he strives to walk alone, but unaided he cannot walk aright. Yet Burns was an honest soul. He could look men squarely in the eye. When conscience was seared and conviction trampled upon, he would not cringe nor would he pretend to be what he was not. Hypocrisy was never his companion. Too truthful to deny his guilt, he took refuge in a haughty independence, the rock upon which many a soul has been wrecked for eternity. We pity, and pitying, love him. The tears come unbidden as we think of the last months of his life. Oh, the sorrow of it all! Oppressed by poverty, deserted by friends, weary and sick from struggle, he passes to that "bourne whence no traveler returns." But in death the wanderer finds the way to his maker, who, tempering justice with mercy, will judge him as he is, not as he appears to the world.

Burns stands forth a great though tragic hero in literature. With Byron and Poe, he thought nobly but lived ignobly. Do not say that evil triumphed. If we should write above his grave, "He failed, his life ended with the tomb," we should be guilty of gross injustice. From the turmoil of his life did he give no treasure to the world? Hear the

verdict of the centuries:—The fire of his contending passions burned out the evil, and left the good to bless mankind. When Burns died, he gave his best self to the world that scorned him, and today we judge him by his gift.

In all his conflict with evil Burns sang of truths to which the world now gladly listens. His message to the twentieth century is a message of simplicity and kindness. He comes to us as an embodiment of simple things, as a child of nature, teaching men to see life as it is. He pours out his love for the true and the lowly in lyrics of surpassing beauty. He sees deep into the heart of the humble cottager and reads his longings, as from an open book. He listens to the "still, sad music" of the poor and in words pulsing with tenderness sings of their simple life. As the shell of the sea imprisons the murmur of many waters and gives it out again to the ear of the inland traveler, so Burns gathers up in trembling lyrics the joys and woes of the weary cottager, and gives them out to the world. Listening, we hear the throbbing life of Scotland's peasantry, in dreary march over the moorlands. His passionate words are read wherever the warmth of love is found. His heart goes out in universal sympathy to all nature. No subject is too insignificant for his use; the hare, the sheep and the shivering cattle suggest to him the most subtle thoughts and tenderest solicitude. Nature to him is prophetic. In the hapless fate of the daisy he sees his own "no distant fate." From the suffering of the "wee, sleekit, cow'rn, tim'rous beastie," he draws a human parallel:

> "The best laid schemes o'mice an' men
> Gang aft a-gley,
> An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
> For promis'd joy."

To him there is an answering grief in the howl of the tempest, and the leafless tree reminds him of a fate that resembles his. His delicate nature is an Aeolian harp, responsive to each passing breeze. If the chord is a minor, we listen with quivering lips; if a major, we spring exultant on the wings of morning.

The supreme message of Burns is the freedom and individual worth of all men. His dominant tone is humanity and every note is a challenge to tyranny and oppression. The roar of the American cannon inspired his soul, and the rumbling storm of the French revolution filled him with hope. He desired his own country to realize the brotherhood of man. In this he was Scotland's first prophet of liberty to the common people. When the peasantry were dumb and heavy with care, who was it put a song of freedom on their lips? Who was it revealed to them their worth, and told them that "Princes and lords are but the breath of kings?" It was Robert Burns, the prince of cottagers; Burns who loved a peasant, but scorned a lord; Burns who put a gleam of light into the soul of the plowman, and taught him that he could be happier in a clay cot than in a palace. Class inequalities did violence to his spirit of justice. In church as in state he would have an aristocracy of the common people. No matter what the station. "A man's a man for a' that." This is the message of Burns to the twentieth century hypocrisy: what a man is counts for more than what he seems. The supremacy of true worth was the only sovereignty he taught. He had a passion for truth and honesty in civic life that would put to shame the political graft of any age. With him manhood makes all men princes and lords; kingship comes with a reign of worth. While he belonged to a lower class he saw no good reason why

he should not belong to the highest. In fact, he saw no lowest. Belted Knight and lowly peasant were the same; they were men. No fanciful dream of his ever put a cottager into a palace. "Equality and Fraternity" in state were no abstract subjects with him; they were facts in the lives of men.

His life is like a mighty sea. About the shores are lowland marshes with noxious vapors rising. But to those who get out into the deep there is health and beauty; there is wild tumult and calm sea; there is inspiration and grandeur; aye. "There is music in all things if men had ears." The Scot owes his appreciation of nature to the poet, for he had it not till Burns gave it him. Burns sang the beauty of Scotland's rills, the grandeur of her crags, and the stories of her heroes that he might arouse the slumbering spirit of his countrymen. He caught from Scotland's past the fire of patriotism. He felt the warrior spirit of the immortal Bruce at Bannockburn, and in an outburst of freedom exclaims:

> "What for Scotland's King and law
> Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
> Free-man stand, or free-man fa';
> Caledonia! on wi' me!"

Scotland was called to life again by Robert Burns.

Have you talked with a Scotchman? He may disagree with you on religion; he may be an opponent in politics; but mention "Robbie Burns" and that hard mouth will break into ripply smiles, and that stern face soften with sympathy and love. No other word has the magic of it. No Homer in literature, no Raphael in art, no Bismark in statecraft, no Napoleon in warfare, has the witchery of that simple name. England is inspired by her Shakespeare; Germany is proud of Goethe; and Italy is fired by the name of Dante; but Scotland—

Scotland loves her Burns, loves him because he first loved her; because he immortalized the beauty of her strong life, and dignified her manhood. Then all honor to this child of Scotland. Worthy is he to rest in Iona, the burial isle of Scotland's kings; worthy a statue of bronze in the temple where burn the altar fires of the lowly. Well may Scotland's peaks pierce the clouds, and her valleys spread proudly out, for each cliff and vale and rill sings some melody of this prince of peasants.

NINETEENTH CONTEST (1906)

MICHAEL ANGELO

(MISS LOU E. MILES, REDFIELD COLLEGE)

Would you know the true meaning of an age—what it stands for in the great history of the world's progress? Then find it in her greatest man. Read in him the thoughts and feelings, the hopes and fears and ideals, the religion of his age. Carlyle says, "It is a great thing for a nation that it get an articulate voice; that it produce a man who can speak forth melodiously what the heart of it means." Is it not an equally great thing for an age? Dante came to embody in divine poetry, the religion and inner life of the Middle Ages. In him ten silent centuries found voice. In his everlasting music stand the thoughts they lived by.

With the stilling of his voice there appeared the first faint light of a new day. The Renaissance was come, with its intellectual enthusiasm, its outburst of culture, and its passion for antiquity. How may we know the real meaning of that great age? Is there no voice from the Renaissance—no hero to embody in some enduring art its very soul? Not Lorenzo, with his magnificent luxury, splendid refinements, and pagan dissoluteness; not Pope Leo X, whose name is given to that golden age of Rome; not Savonarola, the Scourge and Seer; but the one man whose vision was powerful enough to grasp the whole meaning of the age, and whose universal genius has expressed it for all time: "Michael Angelo, towering gigantic above all other Florentines, alone in his grandeur, before whom all the ages pause and tremble."

Would you justly estimate that strangely contradictory age? Then through the eyes of Michael Angelo view the Renaissance. He saw Italian cities growing more magnificent; scholarship, art and science reaching the sublimest heights; reason liberated from its fetters. But, with his clear vision, do you not discern, beneath the splendid refinement and intellectual awakening, a morass of wickedness? The whole nation was swept along by a great enthusiasm, intoxicated with the newness of life and thought. Their claims rested so lightly upon them that they, a race of slaves, gloried in the name of Republic. You know the history of their rulers, the history of crime revenged by crime. Men played for states and cities as a man plays chess. Italy was a vast arena and only those could hold their own who were gladiators of tried capacity and iron nerve, superior to all religious and moral scruples, perfected in the use of cruelty and terror.

The individual states, grasping for power, wealth and territory, vied with each other in the embellishment of their cities. So narrow was their patriotism that the well being of one state demanded the destruction of the rest. Italy was not an organism but an ingenious mechanism, artifically held together by that combination of fraud, violence, and subtle wickedness, called statecraft.

Yet in the minds of a few there had ever been a dream of empire and a United Italy. A century before the visionary Rienzi sent an electric thrill throughout the world. He dreamed of a new Rome with a Christian soul. He would lift his country from degradation and save her from ruin.; He failed and Italy purified and united, was still an impossible dream.

Machiavelli, statesman, cynic, philosopher grasped the idea of unity as the hope of Italy. He

advocated that all rivalries must cease, the church become subordinate to the state, and all come under the power of one prince. Calmly, philosophically, he stated that fraud, violence, and cold-blooded cruelty were the proper path to power. The corrupting influence of his work was unbounded but his patriotic dream failed. Italy was not united.

Another soul was struggling with the great problem. The spirit of prophecy came upon him and Savonarola saw a foreign host sweeping over Italy and the streets flowing with blood. With unsparing hand he laid bare the sins of pope and people and inaugurated the greatest spiritual revival the world has ever known. But Jesus Christ was not yet king of Florence. Another name was added to the list of martyred reformers. The rope and fire did their work and Savonarola was dead. He too had failed in his patriotic dream, because he did not recognize the Renaissance as the necessary highway to the reformation.

Fanatic, statesman, reformer, all had failed because they did not read aright the meaning of the age. Beneath the culture and the corruption was a great undercurrent of truth, unperceived by Rienzi, Machiavelli, Savonarola. This truth found voice in Michael Angelo.

Of noble birth, living in Lorenzo's court, he was embued with enthusiasm for culture and the free spirit of his age. There opened before him an horizon far beyond the dream world of the inspired monk. But with a vision as clear as that of Savonarola he saw the debauchery, cruelty and corruption underlying the splendid refinement of Lorenzo's court. He saw his loved city "lying in bonds; nay, rather, dancing in them, with the smear of blood upon her garments and loathsome songs upon her lips."

He was not an enthusiast. No impossible dreams of empire filled his mind. He was not a statesman with Michiavellian cunning. He was not a preacher. It was not for him to move the multitude with his warning words, "Repent, repent, while there is yet time." But a yearning love for his city possessed him; Florence, with the Arno flowing through her midst and the hills about her gray with olive groves; Florence, with her seventy towers encircling her like a queenly diadem, with her great dome and her bell-towers, her cathedrals and palaces, her scholars and artists and her population that was cultivated, refined and haughty. The city of Dante, Giotto, Ghiberti, Angelico, Leonardo and Savonarola. She would be the queen of cities, the center of the world, a new Jerusalem, purified and exalted.

This was the vision that possessed him and which he must tell to the people. He expressed it in the most universal and enduring of arts. Forth from the unsightly mass of marble struggled the figure of the youthful David, getting gradually limb and sinew free as blow after blow resounded upon the stone. When at last the throes were over and the imprisoned soul was free, there stood before the Palazzo a splendidly proportioned, gigantic figure, Angelo's ideal of a youthful hero defending his people from all harm, the world's ideal through all the ages of a kingly king. It stood for a people pure and exalted, a ruler strong, brave, just. Nay, more, the very figure was instinct with freedom. We may read in its calm strength and dignity, a prophecy of the day when man shall know the heighth and depth and breadth of the word liberty.

There spoke the truest voice of the Renaissance. Not Machiavelli's dream of empire, not Lorenzo's culture and magnificence, not Savonarola's spiritual

baptism, was the real message of the age, but conscious freedom of intellect and soul. All this Michael Angelo expressed in everlasting marble.

Italy stood astonished at his genius. Rome was calling him to help adorn the chief seat of the church. The Eternal City, crowned with the relics of a pagan past, was herself a pagan, with a passion for magnificence and a dissoluteness that would have astonished the parasites of Nero. Here, in the holy place of Christendom, the vicars of God stood attainted of high treason against civilization and against the Christ whose representatives they dared to style themselves. Holding in one hand the conscience and heart of humanity, and in the other the keys of heaven and hell, they were the source of the poison coursing through the veins of Italy. For the adornment of chapels, for the aggrandizement of favorites, they rent Italy with civil wars, they sold bishoprics and indulgences, they plotted murder, they trafficked in the lives of their subjects and the holy things of their office, and they still thought to wipe out their own sins by the blood of the inquisition, they still hoped to exalt the church by making splendid her abode.

Is it strange that the spirit of the old Hebrew prophets awoke in Michael Angelo? Here on the frescoes of the Sistine chapel we may read his warning cry against the sins of his time. His grand simplicity, his awful earnestness cried out against the wild enthusiasm, the wickedness, the degradation of that pagan city. Because he speaks today only through his sculpture and painting shall we deny him a place in the world's long line of reformers? He saw that security and strength for his country could come not through culture and learning, not through statecraft, not through religious fervor, but through the growth of the ideals of

liberty and purity. Like the prophets of old it was his mission to place these ideals before the people and his life, like their's was a life of sorrow.

We may read its tragic climax in the tomb of the Medici, a monument not to the despotic family, but to the great city which had gone astray and repented and suffered and sinned again till at last its glorious career had ended. Here was the great poem of the age, the utterance of a mighty soul overpowered by moral sadness but compelled to return after the defeat of all hopes to bear the burdens of every day. Here was the setting forth of the great tragedy of mankind, a mortal struggle with anguish and hopelessness, fatigue and despair of soul. Here was written in majestic sorrow the tragedy of the city he loved, and for all the ages that followed those emblematic figures, Twilight and Dawn, Night and Day, have watched beside her ruins in melancholy splendor.

Heavy shadows fall upon Michael Angelo who had outlived all loves, for whom all life's attractions are swallowed up in bitterness. He had seen his city perish through her love for luxury and pleasure. He saw his people slaves to the basest passions. In his prophetic vision he saw his country weakened, torn asunder, and reduced to misery. Italy! the chosen vessel of the Renaissance was destined to fall victim to her own enthusiasm. With scorn and grief as lofty and transcendent as his love had been, with silent unappeasable reprobation, he placed upon the tomb of Pope Julius II the stern figure of Moses, rising in his terrible wrath, to cast down the tables of the law; a final protest against the corruption that had destroyed his city and menaced his country.

"And Moses turned and came down from the mount, with the two tables of the testimony in his

hands, and the tables were the work of God and the writing was the writing of God graven upon the tables.

And it came to pass, as he came nigh unto the camp, that he saw the Golden Calf and the dancing, and Moses' anger waxed hot and he cast the tables out of his hands and broke them beneath the mount."

It is Michael Angelo himself who lives in that majestic figure of Moses and forever utters his warning cry against the love of what is low and degrading, the worship of the Golden Calf. Not in vain had he placed before the people his visions of free and exalted manhood, of grand and earnest living. Through centuries of foreign oppression and shame Italy was to learn the lesson he had taught till at last, a united country was to rise from the ruins, with individual freedom and social purity upon her banners.

Would you know the true meaning of Renaissance? Then find it in Michael Angelo.

NINETEENTH CONTEST (1906)

SAXON VERSUS SLAV

(RALPH SHEARER, DAKOTA WESLEYAN

Miss Lou E. Miles, Redfield College, won the State Contest in 1906, and Ralph Shearer, Dakota Wesleyan, took Second place. In the Inter-State contest which followed these two orations were reversed, Shearer taking First place and Miss Miles, Second. Therefore, as in the case of Rodee and Hubbard in 1899, both orations are given).

At each stage of the world's progress some section of the globe has been the center of civilization. The enlightenment of Babylon grew in the valley of the Euphrates, the culture of Greece and Rome fringed the Mediterranean, and the civilization of more modern times encircled the Atlantic. But the present era presents a new center of activity toward which two great races have been moving for centuries. Four hundred years ago the Saxon landed on our Atlantic coast, and began a march westward across the continent. He has pressed forward courageously over dreary plain and rugged mountain until now he stands facing the Pacific. In the same century, on the sunny plains of Moscow, the Slavonic nation was born. Eastward across Siberia it has marched ceaselessly, persistently eastward, until the full surge of Slavonic civilization now beats against the opposite shore of the Pacific. Thus the American Saxon rushing westward meets the Russian slav surging eastward; and again the world sees a conflict of moving civilized centers. The modern era awakes to find that the peaceful Pacific, by a "strange irony of fate," is the field of commercial conflict, the storm center of the Twentieth Century.

Never in the history of nations has the movement of civilization been so mighty as the rush of Saxon and Slav to possess the Pacific. This is a

natural consequence of the forces impelling each in its outward march. The present century is an age of empires; an age in which all great peoples feel destined to work out their peculiar ideals in world movements. It is but natural then that the Twentieth Century should awake to find the sacred principles of Saxon and Slav in conflict. To comprehend the magnitude of the present struggle let us consider the supreme motives of these races.

Greed for material power is the ruling passion of the Russian. His desire to realize this ambition is increased many fold by the sanction it receives from the Greek Church. This institution binds together the conflicting elements of the empire and inspires the people to spread the Slavonic civilization. It is the great force of Russian Nationality, the power which for centuries has maintained the principles of expansion. Russia, as the exponent of the Greek Church, believes she is commissioned under God to dominate the world. This force, at once material and religious, is all the more powerful because of the stubborn and dogged character of the Russian people. For thirteen centuries they have held their position against the current of shifting nations. Goth, Avar, Bulgarian, Mongol, and Tartar have in turn swept over them, but they have stood unmoved, grimly, stubbornly, holding their ground; and in all the tyrannical rule of Russian history the Slav has never ceased to worship the despot who oppressed him, and to love his land and church with a passionate ardor unknown to Western peoples.

This ideal of expansion is apparent in all Russian history. On coming to the throne, Peter the Great found his domain cut off from all connection with the sea. But he dreamed a dream, and in his vision he saw the boundaries of his little kingdom

withdraw westward from Moscow until the flag of Russia waved from Gibraltar, eastward until it floated over Siberia, the Bering Sea, and southward until it was planted on the hills of China and Arabia. A dream! Yet no event of history has been a more powerful factor in shaping civilization. It was a vision of the conquest of Europe, the acquisition of Asia, the domination of the world. Peter planned his policy to fit his dream. He defeated Turk, Tartar, and Swede, extending the boundary of his empire southward around the Black Sea and northward to the Arctic and the Baltic. The working of the ancient vision is evident in all the later history of the empire. Under its activity the insignificant province of Moscow has grown to an empire stretching across one hundred and seventy-two degrees of longitude, six thousand miles of mountains rich in minerals, forests magnificent in their expanse, and fertile plains waiting only cultivation to yield bounteous harvests. It is a mighty nation whose very expanse of territory defies subjugation. Defeat its armies and they withdraw into the interior only to sally forth again when fully prepared. Invade its territories and distance and climate baffle you; the defeat and fate of Napoleon await you.

However much it may seem to the contrary, Russia's strength as a world power is not greatly changed by the recent Russo-Japanese war. Her advance has not been permanently checked. Before the thunder of Rojestvensky's cannon had ceased to echo along the shores of the Japan sea, America proclaimed jubilantly that "the Slavonic peril is past." But have we read Russian history in vain? Have we so soon forgotten the dogged persistency, the zeal and fanaticism of the Slav? Have we forgotten that over seven centuries ago Russia sent an army of seventy thousand men against Constanti-

nople to conquer the Byzantine Empire, and that what she then began she has never abandoned? Do we not remember that in the conquest of Samarkand she held to her purpose for more than two centuries, sacrificing six great armies before she attained success? Even now, she leaves her peasants to hold Manchuria and the northern boundary of China for the beginning of a later and more determined effort at conquest. The treaty of Portsmouth has not lessened Russia's hunger for territory. The Slav, stubborn, determined, cruelly patient, is still a formidable power in the East, and judging from the past and present, we must conclude that though defeated he is not discouraged; he will rise again mightier than before.

In trying to open a harbor on the Pacific, Russia has apparently failed. But her defeat is her victory. The autocratic power dominating for so many centuries is at last yielding to the popular will. Russia without an organized revolution is passing from monarchy to democracy in comparative peace. This is significant. A revolution usually marks the destruction of the ideals of a nation, but a peaceful popularization of government indicates the transference of those ideals from sovereign to citizen. These social changes do not mean that the ancient dream of Peter is dispelled, nor that the power of the Greek Church is broken. It means that the vision has passed from the exclusive possession of the Czar to peasant and Cossack. Hence the responsibility for Russian domination of the world rests no longer upon the Czar, but upon the Russian people. Thus is multiplied a thousandfold the power which aims to thrust the Russian boundary over Asia.

From these facts of history we see that greed for territorial expansion inspired by the Greek

Church is the basic force in the spread of the Slavonic domain. But what does Russia want today? She wants the Pacific for her commerce, and China for her religion. To impress her ideals upon the Chinaman, to keep him from civilization of the West, to inject into the Mongol mind the ethical principles of the Greek Church, to save him in the centuries to come as a co-worker of the Russian, to make the Pacific a Slavonic sea, these are the aims of the Slav in the Orient. Though the Russian Bear has withdrawn into the north, watch him! In all his native strength he is certain to come forth and at an unguarded moment to raid again the sheepfolds of China.

Let us look now at the Saxon. His history reads like a divine epic. He has grown steadily toward intellectual and spiritual freedom. Though he has made marvelous material progress, his chief ambition has been spiritual rather than material. Early in the Christian era a wild uncultured people from the region of the Baltic Sea crossed the channel and conquered England. After centuries of wild disorder, dark with war and bitter with discontent, Caesar brought the Roman law and Augustine the Christian religion. These became the bond of the Saxon race. Out of the turmoil of the centuries the nation came "purified as by fire." "Divine right of kings" was lost, individual freedom gained. These principles of political and religious liberty, implanted upon the American continent, brought forth a nation strong and virile, the champion of the rights of the individual, the exponent of religious freedom. Under these ideals the American nation has had an unparalleled growth. Yet its great ambition is not expansion of territory but the expansion of the eternal rights and welfare of its people. Greed for territory has not been the

ruling passion of the American Saxon. Under divine guidance, he has ever sought "a way that will be unto immortality; and conquered with a conquest unto life."

Review briefly the forces beginning the struggle for mastery of the Pacific. Sullen doggedness faces confident self-reliance. Fanaticism confronts rationalism. Tyranny opposes liberty. It is the clash of races, the struggle of religions, the contest of civilizations. Vast territorial possessions are pitted against unlimited resources; the strength of a political aristocracy against the genius of an intelligent people; a power of assimilation which enabled the Slav to digest "a hundred tribes and nations" against a like power enabling the Saxon to absorb her floods of foreign immigrants as easily as the ocean swallows the river which pours into it.

America's position in this crisis of the world is strategic. Hers is an opportunity unmatched in history. Yesterday she faced the Atlantic and the commerce of Europe; today she faces the Pacific and its growing activity. Her broad western coast affords the needed harbors for commerce and naval operations. Already no less than six trans-continental railroads have been thrust across the continent from east to west. Merchantmen and battleships which for years have doubled the cape now demand the shorter route across the Isthmus of Panama. America is turning from the old field of European commerce to the rich fields of the Orient. But above the call of commerce comes the cry of humanity demanding the best civilization for every people. As surely as Israel was led from Egypt to the promised land, so surely is America led into the Pacific on a mission for mankind. To save China from Slavonic civilization, to implant upon the East the institutions of the West, to instil into the Mon-

gol mind the hope of the Christian faith and the morality of Western ethics—these are the supreme motives impelling the Saxon toward the Orient.

What then means the possession of the Pacific by either Slav or Saxon? It means this; the yellow people of the East roused from their sleep of centuries will wake to a full political and religious freedom or to a political and religious tyranny. If they wake to freedom then is the "yellow peril" past, but if they wake to tyranny, let the nations take alarm. It means that the Orient and the Islands of the Sea shall be thrown open to the liberty of Western religion, or be closed for centuries and taught the empty forms of the Greek hypocrisy. It means an Oriental civilization of centuries yet to come, fraught with the spirit of commercial and political progress, individual freedom and universal love, or centuries of commercial and political stagnation, individual slavery and universal wrong.

As champions of Western civilization, we are called to dominate our age with Christian culture and enlightenment. It lies with the American Saxon to teach the Orient the full meaning of freedom and upward striving. The magnitude of our mission is appalling, but we dare not shirk our duty. The stern voice of God calls us to the sober work of our inheritance. The wail of Mongolia joins with the cry of centuries, beseeching us to go forth, and to conquer in the name of the eternal principles of liberty and justice.

TWENTIETH CONTEST (1907)

JOAN OF ARC

(GEORGE NORVELL, DAKOTA WESLEYAN)

In the year 1412, at the town of Domremy, France, a peasant girl was born. Nineteen years later a charred and smoking stake in the Old Market-place of Rouen proclaimed her death. Within these short years a human soul had matured, wrought its destiny, and left its mark upon the world's history; the Divine Spirit had inspired to action; human injustice had condemned to martyrdom. Within that brief span a peasant girl had "broken the back of the Hundred years War" and revived the ebbing life of a nation; and that nation had burned at the stake her saviour—Joan of Arc.

Ideas, not kings, have ruled the past. And among those ideas, none has been more potent in the world's development than the conception of freedom. It overturns thrones, obliterates empires, subdues continents. It heralds the conflict on every great battlefield. It leads the vanguard in every upward movement. Luther sees it, the Reformation results; the Pilgrim Fathers feel its power, the mightiest republic of history is born; Christ reveals it, the world is revolutionized. It was the vision of freedom that filled the mind of Joan of Arc. She may not have been aware of its widest significance, but she clearly saw its application to national life. She may not have dreamed of the universal freedom of mind, soul and body, but she did dream of a free France.

France in 1429, was in a desperate condition. A hundred years of continuous fighting had reduced

her to the last extremity. Her fields were devastated, her resources exhausted and only the territory south of the Loire remained faithful to the French succession. Civil strife had almost extinguished patriotism. Liberty was hung on gibbets. The Dauphin, Charles VII, weak and irresponsible, was even then planning a flight across the seas while the broken chivalry of France was making its last stand at Orleans. How are the mighty fallen! The fairest land in Europe, prostrate! Justice in fetters! Fear supreme upon the throne! Every hill and valley of the empire, haunted by the ghosts of the dead past! At this crisis comes the liberator from Domremy, the peasant girl, whose genius will break the fetters which bind the limbs of French Freedom.

Joan of Arc, by nature, was modest, gentle and deeply religious. She saw the hand of the conqueror heavy upon her countrymen, and she longed to set them free. Oppressed by the burden of a mighty mission, she fasted, prayed and agonized in the solitude of forests. The blood of Frenchmen cried to her from every battle ground of the nation and her sympathetic soul was fired with the patriotic zeal. In the "Holy of Holies" of the Domremy forest she saw visions and heard voices that inspired her to redeem her people. Communing with the invisible she found the strength to meet the tasks of life and destiny. Directed of God, armed with truth, and guarded by angels she went forth to sacrifice herself for her country.

The military career of Joan of Arc is one of the most amazing recorded in history. The Hundred Years War had called forth and developed all the martial greatness of the nation, but no general had been found who could stay the tide of English in-

vasion. For more than fifty years the French had been defeated in every important battle. And then suddenly, almost miraculously the tables are turned. An inexperienced and uneducated girl of seventeen years of age is made commander-in-chief of the first army she has ever seen. Taking the scattered and disheartened batallions, she forges them into a thunder-bolt that shatters with one blow the English power in France. Behold Joan in her initial campaign of seven weeks! Its first day finds her just emerging from the obscurity of shepherd life; the last sees her clothed in glory, with a "kingdom for a stage." She raised the seige of Orleans in ten days when surrender seemed inevitable and afterwards met undaunted, in open field, the greatest military geniuses of the age. The soldiers of Talbot; the English Lion, fled before her magic ensign as "from the glance of Destiny." The victories of Jargeau, Meung, Beaugency and Patay followed each other in rapid succession to add glory to her military career.

How shall we estimate the services of the Heroine of France? Shall we say that in three months she reversed the fortunes of the Hundred Years War, drove out the conqueror, established the French King upon his throne, and made France a strong, effective nation? Shall we say that she united the people, restored confidence, and infused the spirit of patriotism that has been so typical of the French nation for the last 450 years? She did this, and much more. Without her, where had been the French Revolution which, in spite of its faults, has been one of the most powerful factors in the evolution of modern governments? Where, France's contributions to science, literature and art? And what would be our situation, citizens of

America, had not France, Free France, appeared at the critical moment to lend aid to the American colonies?

But personal worth is more than achievement. Joan's greatest legacy to humanity is her character. Her noble unselfishness is admirably shown by an incident that occurred just after the coronation at Rhiems. She was then at the midday of her glory—honored in the court, worshipped in the camp, and everywhere hailed as the deliverer of France. The grateful king offered her rewards and honors. But she would take nothing. All that she wished was to be allowed to return home and take up the simple life of her childhood. Here she was offered all that fame and power can give yet chose the obscurity of a peasant's cottage, rather than the honors of the courts. We have but one parallel to this in history—when our own beloved Washington retired to private life at the close of the Revolution, and was with difficulty induced to assume the responsibilities of government. Had Joan been allowed to retire from the stage of action at this time, many of her noblest qualities would have remained unrevealed. The wasting confinement of the dungeon; the treachery of friends; the cunning cruelty of foes; the slanders of false witnesses; the villainy of unrighteous judges; the duplicity of priests; the abandonment by people, king and church, which to her trusting heart seemed all but a conspiracy of heaven and earth against her; the fiery furnaces of martyrdom; all these must be endured before the world could know her true greatness.

"Her character," says Samuel Clemens, "is unique. It can be measured by the standards of all times without misgiving or apprehension as to the result." Though she lived in one of the blackest epoch's of history, when honor, truth, and morality

were scarcely more than names, her life was so pure and true and noble, that it challenges admiration in the most advanced and enlightened age of the world. She combined all that is most tender and beautiful in woman, with what is most admirable in man. And whether as victorious general, court favorite, or prisoner at the bar she was ever a modest and lovable girl.

See how she compares with the great Captain, Napoleon. Joan and Napoleon!—How strange a contrast! Their abilities and opportunities were similar. Both were brave, both possessed the sublimest fortitude, both had military genius, and both led French arms to brilliant victories. Here the likeness ends. Joan was gentle, meek and generous. Napoleon was domineering, conceited and self-centered. Joan was pure, lovable and noble; Napoleon, egoistic, passionate and arrogant. The master-passion of Joan's life was self-sacrifice; of Napoleon's—ambition. She toiled for the peace and prosperity of the whole country, with no thought of personal gain; Napoleon, demanding fame and power for self, "Waded through slaughter to a throne and shut the gates of mercy on mankind." But eternal justice brought him to St. Helena. His mighty empire was shattered into fragments; his fitful dream of power was banished in a night. The peasant girl's work of sacrificial love still blesses mankind. She who was once condemned as a witch, is now venerated as a departed saint.

To be forsaken by those we love is the death of hope, the wormwood of sorrow, the crucifixion of the soul. It sears as a red hot iron. It rankles like poison. Joan met imprisonment, trial, and death without a single voice to whisper cheer. Behold her at that judicial mockery called her trial! On the one side are deputies, accusers and judges; the

Church Militant in triple-hatted authority; nuncios armed with writs of excommunication; priests, abbots and bishops;—all powers temporal and ecclesiastical; on the other side,—the lone shepherd girl. Throughout the infamous proceeding her purity, gentleness and fortitude shine forth with increasing glory. The infamy of Judas will live almost as long as the sacrifice of Christ. Beauvais' perjury is immortal because it forms a background for the forgiving love of Joan. Among those men who form the court she is as " a gleam of sunshine in a foul den." One by one they advance, and are transfixed by the invincible logic of truth. Day after day, week after week, month after month, this young girl, alone and unaided, meets with peerless skill every trick and plot the villainy of Beauvais can invent. But her enemies demand her blood. The sentence must be pronounced. The witch must be burned.—At last the travesty is ended. The innocent is condemned to die.

On the Wednesday after Trinity Sunday, 1431,—in the glory and the freshness of the Spring,—Joan is led forth to death. Guarded by 800 spearmen, she is conducted about midday to the place of execution. One cannot move freely in the presence of such a tragedy. The heart sickens. "The soul grows silent." The fury of the soldiers paralyzes us. The gentleness of the martyr melts us. The height of the scaffold awes. The eager expectancy in the faces of the surging sea of humanity terrifies. The depth of human brutality amazes. It is a repetition of the tragedy of the ages. It is the death of a saint. As she stands upon the lofty pyre, knowing that she is soon to die, she utters these words of profound pity: "Ah, Rouen, Rouen, I fear that thou wilt have to suffer for my death." Even now as she feels for the first time that she is utterly

deserted, when the agony of mortal fear has seized her and the black curtains of death are closing fast about her; even in this moment, her whole soul goes forth in these words of love, pity and self-forgetfulness. Surely it will not seem irreverent to say that they remind me of the words of Another who perished at the hands of those he came to save. As they sweep through my mind methinks I see the frenzied mob in Pilate's judgment hall, the rugged blood-stained path up Golgotha, the cross, the shame, the ignominy, and I seem to hear the scorned, rejected Galilean say: "Father forgive them for they know not what they do."

To perform her loving service for her countrymen Joan toiled in garments dyed in blood; for this they crowned her with a wreath of fire. She died for them and they defamed her memory. But today repentant France is proud to own her child, and gladly honors her with every tribute that Esteem and Love can offer. They talk of monuments! She needs not these to speak her praises! Her deeds are her memorials, and her mausoleum—the heart of humanity. Time will obliterate all that is writ on parchment or graved in marble, but in the centuries to come, Joan of Arc will receive increasing homage, for

> "Nothing can cover her high fame but heaven,
> No pyramids set off her memories
> But the eternal substance of her greatness
> To which I leave her."

THE NEW ORIENT

(HOWARD WARREN, YANKTON COLLEGE)

(Again in 1907, the First and the Second winning orations in the State Contest were reversed by the judges in the Inter-State Contest. In the State contest, Norvell, of Dakota Wesleyan, ranked First, and Warren, of Yankton College, Second. In the Inter-State, they were reversed. Both orations are, therefore, given).

Many years the men of America have watched the "March of Empire" in its ever-westward path. As we followed its course, our intense patriotism led us to ignore what lay beyond. We considered the Golden Gate the limit of this great movement. We thought of China; in the old days that mystical, magnificent Cathay; and proudly we said, "The man of the East was the beginning, but we of the West are the culmination. Behold, this mighty march has circled the world. America is its goal."

But at the dawning of a new century the conviction is slowly being forced upon us that the "Star of Empire" is not as we had considered it. Like the stars of the firmament above, it knows no halting in its course, but steadily, resistlessly, swings in its unending circle. Past the barriers of the Golden Gate; out across the wide Pacific; its light has traveled on till it has awakened the men of Japan and is casting its first gleams on the turreted palaces at Peking.

In the path of its radiance American eyes are opening to a new problem. Some national mistakes are standing out in remorseless prominence. We are beginning to see that we have not sufficiently heeded the signs of the times. True, while it suited our hospitable convenience we royally entertained the peace ambassadors of Japan—and won the plaudits of the world. But after the lime light was turned away, what cared we for the men of the Far

East? One of our states proceeded to heap affront upon the children of Japan. We made more strict our bar to the yellow man. With twenty millions starving in China, we continued to exact unjust payments on an unjust indemnity. We continued our insults to Chinese scholars who sought admission to America. We permitted a state to rise in her sovereign might and wrest even property rights from the men of the Far East. By our cool carelessness of Far Eastern feeling we continually send the taunt across the Pacific: What are you going to do about it? Yes, what do you intend to do? You are weak, and we are strong, you are poor and we are rich; what recks your right against our might?

No answering defiance has been flung back. Hence we have felt we were dealing with a decadent race. We have counted the Oriental no more than half a man. And here has been our mistake. For among the Manchurian hills the Japanese proved himself before all the world every inch a man. From the plains of China, low, insistent, more and more clear, is coming the answering voice of his brother asking for justice by right of the man he is, pleading for brotherhood by virtue of the mighty force he will become. And today we are confronted with the stern duty of correcting our error, and recognizing that we are dealing with men, millions of awakening men, who deserve all the justice and rights of brotherhood that characterize American liberty.

We have underestimated the Mongolian intellect. Because Pacific coast coolies were universally ignorant, we have supposed the Chinaman universally ignorant. Yet the very foundation of China's political system is on an educational basis that puts to shame the meager qualifications we ask of our officials. The Chinese Mandarin is a scholar, having

stored in his capacious memory Chinese law and the lore of Celestial prophets to a degree that is startling to the Occidental mind. He does not lack mental power; he lacks only modern training. "He sits in his ancestral halls with his head in the realms of the ancient Sung dynasty and his feet upon the present."

Will he sit thus forever? Will there be no awakening? Truly the peace of the world were safer if he should dream on, in his intellectual cloudland! For when he becomes willing to study the coal fields of Honan, instead of musing on the flowering fields through which Confucius walked; when he begins to consider building factories and smelters in Tongking, instead of rebuilding in fancy that ancient paradise where Mencius taught; in short, when the Chinese Mandarin and Literatus begins to think in modern terms instead of prehistoric, there will be born on earth a mighty intellectual force. A new power will threaten the nations with turmoil. The destiny of Asia will lie in the hollow of her hand. She will make and unmake the economic future of the Far East.

The yellow man has other ominous characteristics. His peculiar intellect has a background of marvelous physical vitality. Drought, pestilence, flood and famine; rebellion, invasion, and massacre; that arch-destroyer, opium; all these work their fearful havoc. Yet every square mile of China teems with people. Furthermore, the Mongolian possesses adaptability. And what quality means more for racial success? Place him where you will, and he is a unit with his surroundings. In tropic heat, or Arctic cold; in Central American swamps or on Rocky Mountain plateaus, wherever, whenever, however you meet him, he is the embodiment of smiling content. He drops placidly into any environment

with such ease and completeness that no laborer on earth can compete with him.

However, it is not solely because the Chinaman possesses those qualities making for economic success that America must heed the Far Eastern question. We have other and more potent, reasons for looking across the Pacific with apprehension.

In northern China, where the great wall extends as far as eye can see over the sandy wastes of Shengking, a break can be seen in its battlements. For a hundred yards this ancient rampart has been razed to the earth. The massive brickwork that had rested undisturbed for a hundred generations has been torn away; and through this gap the winds blow alien sands upon China's sacred soil. More significant still, through the breach stretches a modern steel trestle over which daily rush the mogul engines of the Northern Imperial Railway, awakening echoing thunders among the ruined pagodas that crown the grass-covered wall.

The scene is mutely prophetic. Just as this monument to the ancient traditions of the Celestial Empire has been ruthlessly torn asunder to meet the imperative demands of modern commerce, so are Chinese walls of conservatism being disrupted by the onward march of civilization. The roar of passing trains echoes through the corridors of the imperial palace at Peking. The desecrating bustle of modern business is resounding through the half-ruined temples of Tien-tsin. The Occident is tearing its way into the Orient.

From Manchuria on the north, to Yunnan on the south; from Hongkong on the east, to Tibet on the west, rumor comes of a muttering and stirring among the sleeping peoples. Every traveler who disembarks at San Francisco brings the same tale. The Chinamen are opening their eyes to the victory

of the new over the old. They can see that the alert foreigner makes the sandy deserts of Shansi a highway to riches yearly paved with a hundred thousand tons of coal. They can see that where they scraped a pound of copper from the mines of Yunnan, his steam cranes are swinging out millions.

Nor does western education lag behind modern commerce. The keen, practical text-books of Occidental science are already contending on an equal footing with the worn parchments of Confucian philosophy. Who doubts where the victory will be? Even now the Chinese Literati are abandoning the ancient examination booths for the colleges of Europe and America. And, as they return, they are carrying back all the spirit that makes western nations great. They are the vanguard in that fast-forming army of newly enlightened men, who are to storm the strongholds of Chinese conservatism and revolutionize her government policies, her ideals, and her very religion.

And during the last two years has not the yellow man mused deeply over another matter? For did not his marveling gaze follow his brethren of the Orient as they swept over the battalions of the Occident? Did he not see the Japanese wrest Port Arthur from Russia?—and drive the Czar's columns back—back till even Mukden floated the Mikado's flag, and the pride of Russian arms lay prostrate in the dust?

But the story of the east is not yet complete. Another mighty influence is at work. There is no more potent force in the Orient today than the Christian missionary. He has gone up and down the provinces carrying news of the Redeemer, and at the same time healing the sick, bringing comfort to the dying, and teaching the living how to better use their lives. Since this century began, returns

of thirty and fifty-fold are becoming an hundred-fold. The thousands of Christian martyrs have not died in vain. I do not wish to belittle other agencies. The financier has shown China the wonders of modern commerce. Western arts and sciences have opened undreamed realms of thought. The sword of the Mikado's soldier has hewed her a path to better things. But transcending all forces stands the cross of Christ.

In interpreting these signs of the times we can come to but one conclusion. This country is going to see a new power unleashed upon the world. There it looms on the eastern horizon. The sky is yet clear. We have naught but the warning muttering as of distant thunder. Do those slowly rising clouds mean added prosperity to the nations, as the quiet summer rain means blessing to the fields? Or do they mean storm and turmoil? Tumult and destruction?

This is a problem, not of tomorrow, but of today. The hour of change is already upon us. The drama of the Far East is no longer to be played by England and Russia. Japan is already upon the stage. China soon will enter. The intellectual force of her people, their physical vitality, and adaptability warn us that she will play a marvelous part in the twentieth century.

Let it be no tragedy for America. Today in Tokyo the American is eyed askance. In Peking too often is he jeered. It is to our shame that there is reason for such treatment. Too long have we meted out injustice to the men of the Orient. Too long have we given the lie to the precepts of our missionaries. Our material interests, our claim as a power making for righteousness, demand of us a better, truer attitude. Let us act with such fair-

ness that when, in turmoil and revolution, the Far East finds its traditions tumbling about its ears, when naught on the shores of the Pacific seems firm on its base, the new Orient will turn toward the west and see its future hope in the justice and brotherhood that are the principles of American freedom.

When Bartholdi fashioned that colossal Goddess of Liberty that eternally looks out from the harbor of New York, what did he mean? Why do those eyes forever gaze over the stormy Atlantic? Does her uplifted beacon light show only to a Porto Rico the justice and brotherhood that are the boons of liberty? Does she lavish the gifts of freedom only upon a Cuba, till with every passing political storm she turns to America as her trusted protector? If this Goddess of American Liberty only lights to the blessings of freedom coasts washed by the Atlantic, let us find another Bartholdi. Let us show him the Golden Gate and the serene Pacific. Let us say to him, "Cast for us a mighty statue, greater far than any other. Fashion a more magnificent Goddess of Liberty. Put in her left hand the scales of justice, in her right the cross of Christian brotherhood. Upon this cross write, in blazing letters of gold, America's pledge, that all the Orient may read:

> 'Mongol or Anglo-Saxon, every race
> Is but a unit in a universe
> And brotherhood shall circle round the world.' "

TWENTY-FIRST CONTEST (1908)

AMERICA'S GREATEST PROBLEM

(JOHN DOBSON, DAKOTA WESLEYAN)

The worth of a civilization is never greater than the worth of the man at its center. The standard of a nation can rise no higher than the standard of its citizenship. To furnish to all its citizens, irrespective of race or color, the conditions whereby they may attain unto the highest standard of the individual, is the chiefest function of a great race-embracing government like our own. To fail in this vital duty toward any considerable portion of our citizens is to fall short of the high destiny to which America is appointed.

Already America has been the arena of mighty conflicts. Here world forces have clashed. Here great principles have been tested and weighty problems solved. Here for two hundred years the forces of Oligarchy and Democracy had full play. Then in the hey-day of their glory they met in deadly conflict. Northern Democracy triumphed; Southern Oligarchy was overthrown. Slavery, the great object of attack and defense, was destroyed. This decisive conflict solved a great problem, but by the very nature of its purpose created a greater one. To make four million slaves free men is a worthy task; to make these free men—now numbering ten million souls—industrious, intelligent, progressive, patriotic citizens, is a worthier task. This is America's great problem.

It involves the just co-ordination of two races under principles and institutions that are the flowering of the highest political consciousness of mankind;—the one race but a few generations out of savagery, the other the proud exponent of a civil-

ization that is the very consummation of the Divine purpose wrought out through twenty centuries of human progress. On the borders of life, where the baser elements of these races mingle, there will be many a virulent phase; but it should be proclaimed above all the din of meaner striving that the better heart of the two races beats alike to the deeper cadences of the Constitution and the spirit of true Americanism.

Is it strange that the negro, upon coming out of two hundred and fifty years of slavery, should be dazzled by the glare of the broad noon-day of liberty and citizenship into which he found himself thrust by the War of the Rebellion and the amendments to the Constitution? Is it strange that he did not realize what it meant, and all that it meant? His full awakening and his permanent advancement can be only by the unhurried processes of race development.

The first problem in the life of any people is largely physical and must be solved by labor. This is the natural order; this is the historic order. Labor is a basic element in the development of individuals and of races. Despisers of toil are never builders of nations. This is the secret of America's greatness—an ancestry of toilers; men to whom industry was a creed, muscles a virtue, toil a religion. From men of this vigorous fibre has sprung a race whose industrial achievement have no parallel in history. The development of this country from sea to sea, and from gulf to lakes, is, in its daring genius and its conquering energy, industry's sublimest epic.

Industrial independence must be the first condition for the permanent elevation of the negro in America. Servitude had taught him one great lesson—that of toil. But with freedom came a terrible reaction. To the negro, slavery was the sum of all villainies, the root of all evil, the cause

of all prejudice. In his simple and lowly prayer swelled one mighty supplication—liberty! At last it came, bewildering—maddening even, in its strangeness and its ecstacy. In the wild carnival of freedom that followed all restraints were cast aside. Labor, that had become to the negro the badge of servitude, was now a thing of the past. Peace, rest from toil, unrestrained enjoyment of the best things in a free and bounteous land, were to be his forever. How unbounded the faith of that simple ignorance; how deep the disappointment of that lowly people; how awful the realization of what it meant to be poor and black and ignorant in a land where money was master and Caucasian, King.

Years have passed since then. The old generation, skilled in the school of slavery, is no more. A new generation has come—a generation of unskilled toilers. To teach them the art of labor, that art which conquers the forces of nature and redeems toil from it's drudgery—this must be the first step in the solution of the negro problem. In a material sense the South is still an undeveloped country, Manifold possibilities lie open to the negro on every hand. Here is the opportunity which unimproved may never be his again. The present generation of colored people in America must largely determine whether the negro is to occupy the high and manly vantage-ground of industrial independence, or whether he is to degenerate into the mere ward and drudge of the white race.

Nothing will more rapidly bring about right relations between the two races than the commercial progress of the negro. Trade, commerce, is ever the forerunner of wholesome and friendly relations between races and nations. If the negro rises to the full measure of his presen t industrial opportunity, he can make himself such a factor in the life of the

South that he will not have to seek privileges, they will be freely conferred upon him; and he shall leave to coming generations of black men the priceless heritage of equal opportunity to all that is best in the life of our Republic.

But the ultimate forces in race development are spiritual. Mental strength and moral fibre determine finally the place of individuals and of races. The nation that poured out billions of treasure and the costlier blood of her sons to free her slaves dare not stop short of their full enfranchisement through the freedom of knowledge and of culture. Skilled hands, disciplined minds, enlightened hearts,—these are the conquering triad in race progress and race emancipation.

The negro in America faces as stern a problem as ever confronted any race. Consider the situation: they are surrounded by the strongest race of men on the globe; a race that has mastered every other people that has dared to look it in the face; a race that leads the world in industry and commerce; a race whose genius for the gigantic, in enterprise and achievements, is the marvel of history. This is the race with which the negro must struggle hand to hand, brain to brain, in working out his own destiny.

Facing such conditions, his supreme need is for leaders—educated men; men who know the struggles of oppressed people toward light and liberty in the past; men who have faith in the Providence that works through all ages; men of courage, men of ideals, men of vision, who can give to the millions of their race inspiration, ambition, hope; men who can lead these millions into their highest life and their noblest estate as worthy citizens of a great Republic. And these elect sons of the race, who are to lead in its full emancipation, must come not

from the fields or the workshops, not from the preparatory or industrial schools, but from the colleges and universities. Call the roll of the spiritual emancipators of men, and Paul answers from the School of Gamaliel, Luther from the University of Wittenberg, Huss from the University of Prague, Calvin from the University of Geneva, Wycliff and Wesley from the classic halls of Oxford. Higher education alone can give to the negro race its trained leadership and its true enfranchisement among men.

This problem, however, is not merely racial; it is national. Its solution involves not only the welfare of the negro, but the future of a Republic. The black man is a constitutional factor of this Republic, and with him we stand or fall. The negroes constitute one third of the population of the South. They hold more than one-third of her destiny in their black hands. What the negro does for the South depends very largely on what the South does for the negro. She may make of him the black diamond in the coronet of her intelligence and glory, or the thundercloud that will some day break in a storm of anarchy upon her head. There is no escape from the law of retributive justice. The ever-increasing hosts of black citizens will be a mighty factor in the progress and prosperity of this Republic, or they will prove a veritable body of death, retarding every movement to national power and glory.

The twentieth century is to prove the crucial century in world history. Yonder on the Pacific the world forces are gathering for a last great contest of civilizations. Occident faces Orient. The exultant spirit of the new world confronts the sullen persistence of the old. The light and liberty of the Christian faith stand over against the superstition and tyranny of old world beliefs. It is the grapple of civilizations—the conflict of the century; the re-

sult of which must be the turning back of the forces of liberty and enlightenment, or the final supremacy of Christian civilization upon the earth.

The events of a single decade have thrust America out into strategic position upon the seas, and mark her as the determining force in this world conflict. But if America is to lead; if she is to prove the invincible standard bearer of Christian civilization, she must work out upon her own soil the full vindication of the principles of justice and liberty for which she stands among the nations. She cannot fall short of her duty to the black man within her borders, if she is to fulfill her mission to the yellow man across the seas. She must front the crisis of the century with unbroken solidarity of national life, her citizens, black and white, exultant in the liberty and privilege of citizenship in a great Republic. Her national consistency must be the measure of her world prestige and potency.

We have faith in America. We have faith that the genius of her free institutions and the high-minded statesmanship of her loyal sons will work out a righteous adjustment of her great problem, until the negro shall be no longer an extraneous and threatening element in the body politic, but a component and worthy factor of her national life. We have faith in the ultimate triumph of true Americanism. We have faith in that spirit of exultant Democracy that has made the common people of America greatest among the peoples of the earth, and that will as certainly elevate the negro in America, enriched by industry and ennobled by education, to his true place among the races of mankind. Then shall the sable hosts of her redeemed citizens wake the cane-brakes of this old world to a new song, in triumphant acclaim to America's accomplished mission, and Columbia's exalted name.

TWENTY-SECOND CONTEST (1909)

OUR PACIFIC OUTLOOK

(JAMES DOBSON, DAKOTA WESLEYAN)

The present century is to prove the crucial century in history. The bugle call of world-domination is summoning the forces to contest. The resistless logic of events has already determined the scene of action. The peaceful Pacific, its waters stirred by the approach of world conflict, has become the storm-centre of the twentieth century.

In the chain of events that mark the onward progress of the race, the exploitation of the Pacific is the culminating one. This will be the final chapter in the gospel of expansion; the climax in God's appointed drama of progress. More than five hundred million people already live in the Pacific basin. But the lands bordering on the new Mediterranean have resources sufficient to support a population equal to four times the people upon our globe. Here is the potential wealth of the world. Millions upon millions crowding here will tramp the highways into pavements. Here are to be established the industrial centers, here will be achieved the commercial and political victories, here will culminate the dominant civilization of the future. This is the region whose measureless possibilities are summoning the forces to contest. No harbor on the Pacific but feels the quickening of its throbbing pulse; not a nation with a Pacific exposure can safely fail to grasp its vital importance. For supremacy here will eventually mean the sovereign power upon the earth.

On the border of the northern Pacific, stands the Slav, brawny, over-bearing, untaught, fanatical, sullenly persistent. To the southward, in his island Empire, the little Jap, suave, alert, brilliant, self-

confident, artfully aggressive. Across the narrow intervening sea, Japan's ancient neighbors, the Chinese, conservative, intelligent, industrious, economical, all-enduring. On the opposite shore of the great ocean, the American, progressive, energetic, far-seeing, altruistic, democratic, Christian. Russia, Japan, China, America,—these are the peoples about the Pacific destined to leading parts in this drama of world conflict.

Russia emerged from the war with Japan, her resources crippled, her peasantry impoverished, the very foundations of her government unstable. But notwithstanding these facts, notwithstanding the Treaty of Portsmouth and the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, Russia remains the Unbeaten Power. She has abated none of her ambitions. She is promoting great waves of emigration from European Russia into her far Eastern provinces. She is inaugurating an ambitious industrial and commercial program. She is knitting up her Asiatic Empire with a network of strategic railways, destined to world influence. Profiting by the lesson she has learned, Russia is developing her latent resources and gathering her strength, that she may be ultimately irresistible.

The dominant note in Russian literature, the dominant force in Russian history, is greed for territorial expansion. The national dogma, amounting to a powerful instinct with the masses, that the whole continent by right belongs to the Russian, is at the root of his advance in Asia. Impelled by this faith, the sullen persistence of the Slav will assert itself. Russia will come forth again.

Six years ago Japan was not recognized in the councils of the nations. Then came the war with Russia. From it Japan emerged, bleeding and torn —but glorified. Unaided, little Japan had checked the tide of Slavonic civilization which threatened to

absorb China, Manchuria, and Korea. Japan came out of this war with the recognition, the consciousness, and the ambitions, of a world power.

But Japan is over-populated. She must have new territory to relieve this congestion. For the fulfilment of her program of expansion and of world activity, she must look to the Pacific and the Orient. Necessity, no less than ambition, impels her upon a policy of daring proportions. Japan struggles to prevent the closing of the future against her. She is outlining an industrial, naval, and military program commensurate with her needs and her ambitions. She is doubling her army and her navy, that on sea as on land she may be able to face any world power in the Far East. Her self-confidence and her new life, her fleets and her armies, her needs and her ambitions, mark her for aggressive and determined part in the coming struggle upon the Pacific.

In Our Pacific Outlook, China looms large; with her vast and fertile areas; with practically inexhaustible resources yet undeveloped; enormous deposits of iron ore, four hundred and nineteen thousand square miles underlaid with coal, rich mines of lead, tin, copper, silver, and gold; with her great waterways and her two thousand miles of coast line; with her unthinkable population—four hundred and thirty-seven million—three-fourths the people in the Pacific basin.

And China is no longer the Walled Kingdom. Today the ancient barriers are down, and influences from all directions play freely through the Celestial Empire. History presents no more significant spectacle than the awakening of China in the last ten years. A great race with a great inheritance seems just coming to its own. The world's oldest and greatest Empire, awake at last to her needs, thrilled with a new sense of her power and possibility, is

aspiring to a place among the nations. To what shall be her full awakening? To what program, what principles, what ideals, what religion? The present situation in China marks a crisis in world history. The policies of nations, the fate of a race, the course of civilization, are the issues involved. China the ancient, the learned, the colossal: China with her vast areas, her limitless resources, her great waterways, her imperial cities, her teeming millions; China awakening—is the peril or the opportunity of the twentieth century.

Twelve years ago the United States took little part in international affairs. But quietly she has been doing a mighty work; she has performed her first task: she had gained unequalled wealth; she had wrought herself into a great nation. But God had mightier tasks for her. Above the ceaseless throbbing of her industrial system came the call of humanity. The spirit that in the seventeenth century impelled our forefathers across the seas, and anchored them in the western wilderness; the spirit that in 1776 burst the bonds of tyranny, and paid the patriot's price for liberty; the spirit that in 1861 poured out the blood and treasure of a nation that oppression might be forever blotted out within her borders;—that same spirit, in 1898, answered the call of Cuba. It was the inevitable and resistless expression of the master passion of a race.

The Spanish war followed. We began the war to free Cuba; its close found the Stars and Stripes floating over a thousand islands of the Pacific seas. At the beginning of the war we were a people commercially and politically self-absorbed; at its close a world power with the consciousness of world-wide obligation and destiny. Beyond the scope of our small intentions God was leading us, along the line of duty, into broader opportunity and to larger

tasks. As the result of our victory, we were led forth to the Pacific, into the struggle for its supremacy.

The opening years of the twentieth century find America best equipped for the coming contest. She has the longest coast line on the Pacific. She is the great agricultural and manufacturing nation upon its shores. She is the largest exporter— a nation that can feed and clothe the world. Her resources are unequalled. Her inter-oceanic location gives her tremendous advantage. Her position upon the Pacific is strategic. The completion of the Panama Canal will bring all her cities into close trade relations with Asia. It will put the United States three thousand miles nearer China than is any nation of Europe. Her chain of newly won stations,—Hawaii, the Ladrones, the Philippines,— with which she has garrisoned the Pacific, rise up like ocean sentinels, guarding her commerce and her pathway to the Orient. Her people have the ambitions and the qualifications for leadership; a virile energy, a grasp of situation, a promptness in action, a genius for achievement, and a faith in the supreme destiny of their own country, that mark them for supremacy.

America is just entering upon her larger life and tasks. Her ultimate place and influence as a world power is yet to be achieved. If American trade is to be the imperial trade of the globe, if America is to fulfill an appointed mission of civilization in Asia, she must dominate the Pacific. The logic of events has marked out for her a program of industrial expansion, and argues her industrial and commercial supremacy. The higher logic of Divine equipment and appointment indicates her world mission and destiny. Clearly, the hand of God's guidance in her affairs, in her acquisitions and

her victories, is leading her, along the pathway of the Pacific, to the Orient, to establish there the empire of the principles she represents. Her stepping-stones across the Pacific lead her to China's very door. This progressive young Republic and that conservative old Empire are thus brought close together. In the awakening and re-shaping of China, America must wield a beneficient and determining influence. In the inevitable struggle around this great New China, America must dominate.

Russia wants China. To appropriate and assimilate China would make her the mightiest empire the world has known. But Russian supremacy in China means the turning back of the forces of liberty and enlightenment; means the triumph of absolutism; means that the hands of these millions of Asia, groping for the light, shall meet only the mailed fist of the Russian Conqueror. Japan wants China. To control China would make her mistress of the Orient. But Japanese ascendency in China makes possible the realization of that doctrine, forever opposed to liberty and progress, "The Orient for Orientals." America must dominate China—dominate by the force of her ideals and the Faith she represents; because the supremacy of these in China means the passing of Orientalism; means the spread of liberty and enlightenment; means that when the Russian Bear shall have gathered his strength for another invasion of Asia, he will find his advance forever checked, not by Japanse bayonets or the Chinese wall of old, but by a new wall, whose mighty boulders shall be the ideals and principles of Western civilization embedded deep in the Mongol mind; whose mortar shall be the all-cohesive force of Christian faith and love.

At the heart of American civilization are the principles of peace and the brotherhood of man. Out

of the world conflict, the inevitable clash of interests and struggle for supremacy, must come eventually the higher principles and ideals; the passing of Buddha and Confucius before the widening reign of the Galilean; the broader establishment of that Empire of Peace towards which prophets have looked and statesmen toiled.

Today the eyes of all the world are upon Asia. She absorbs the thought of the merchant, the statesman, the philanthropist, the Christian. She holds, for all of them, the larger possibilities of the future: vast areas, slumbering for centuries, to be electrified into life and growth; giant industries to be established; the foundations of government to be laid anew; beneficient reforms to be inaugurated; ten hundred millions to be redeemed.

Asia, Great Asia, is before us. The Pacific is our pathway. This new Mediterranean must be an Anglo-Saxon Sea, the undisputed highway of Christian commerce and ideas. The present crisis is an opportunity unmatched in history. Ordained Priestess of Liberty, appointed standard-bearer of Christian civilization upon the earth, America must advance confidently to her destined place and potency among the nations; the church of Christ in America must summon all her energy and zeal to her supreme evangelistic task and victory.

Our Pacific Outlook is the vision of our larger future. In that direction lies our heritage of expansion and of duty. Through the Golden Gates of Sunset, America looks out upon imperial possibilities; fortified by her past, inspired by the vision of her future, confident in her supreme destiny.

TWENTY-THIRD CONTEST (1910)

THE LION OF THE NORTH

(C. A. ALSETH, YANKTON COLLEGE)

History is a record of the achievements of heroic souls. Great principles have been planted in the fertile soil of intellect, and there, stimulated by the appeal of a hungry social order, they have taken root, sprung up and matured into definite form, and imparted new life to succeeding generations. What is known as the Enlightenment, that intellectual inspiration of the eighteenth century, springing from the mind of John Locke, its father, was carried by Voltaire across the channel to the continent of Europe, there to exert its influence in the shaping of civilization. The Renaissance, that stimulus to the cultivation of the aesthetic and artistic temperament of man, springing from its Italian birth, spread out over Europe to instill new life into the human race. But that code of life, first enunciated from the summit of the Palestinian mountains by the man of Galilee, revived through the iron will of a Martin Luther and the organizing intellect of John Calvin, was destined to create a greater influence than either of these.

The immediate effects of the Reformation had passed. The wave of popular enthusiasm that had swept all before it, instilling ideas of religious freedom into the mind of the German peasant, had been

superseded by the Catholic reaction, which tended not only to rob the Germanic nations of their freedom of religious thought but also to draw closer the bounds of political absolutism. Thus was the spirit of the reformation about to be broken. In the atmosphere of dark foreboding that ushered in the events that made history at the dawn of the seventeenth century, "the hero of militant protestantism, Gustavus Adolphus, stands forth in solitary grandeur."

The peace of Augsburg in 1555 had given religious toleration to the German states. Over the whole of that nation the protestant faith had become supreme, until the Ambassador of Venice at the court of Vienna could say that only one tenth of the population still remained within the fold of the papacy. But the smouldering embers of partisan hatred still continued to glow, needing only the breeze of political ambition, stimulated by the intolerant spirit of Ferdinand of Austria, to fan them into the fiery horrors of a religious war. When, on the morning of the 23rd day of May, 1618, the imperial regents were thrown from the window of their council chamber at Prague, the challenge was sent out by the protestant leaders for thirty years of incessant war; a contest that would involve the ruler of every nation in Europe; a contest that would turn the fertile fields of the Rhenish valley into a barren waste; a contest upon which would hang the destiny of freedom of religious thought for our own Anglo-Saxon race.

The year 1630 brought on the crisis of the great Thirty Years War. If the cause of protestantism was to survive the crushing tyranny of the Edict of Restitution, that cause must find assistance. Charles I. of England was reluctant. Richelieu was persecuting the French Huguenots. The selfish Christian of Denmark had just concluded his ignoble peace. In the midst of these conditions, from the snow-clad hills of Scandinavia, came rumors of Gustavus Adolphus; a monarch born of sturdy Viking blood; reared in an atmosphere of Christian discipline and loyalty to duty; trained in the military school of actual warfare in his earlier struggles with Denmark, and on the plains of Poland and of Russia. This was the man who rallied to the defense of the protestant cause. This was the man who called to the people of a broken and disrupted Sweden and united them under the banner of a patriotic national existence. He it was that led his trained veterans, filled with his own indomitable spirit of loyalty, across the Baltic into Germany, and when the time came to strike a blow on behalf of his chosen faith, he struck with decisive and tremendous power.

Wallenstein, foiled and exasperated, had been forced to withdraw from before the walls of Stralsund only to find himself deprived of his command by the assembly at Ratisbon. Tilly took charge of his troops, and after the siege of Magdeburg, the most cruel sack in all modern history, he prepared

to meet, in open battle, the "snow king of the north."

The opportunity came on the memorable field of Leipsic. Assisted by 18,000 troops, the northern king, with 26,000 Swedish soldiers, faced the imperial line 40,000 strong. The battle of Leipsic was one of the decisive struggles of the world. The fate of protestantism trembled in the balance. If Gustavus Adolphus was victorious, it would bring to his army, recruits from every hamlet in Germany; it would take his Empire out of seclusion and make it one of the foremost states of Europe! it would win the hesitating German princes to the protestant cause; it would give to the poor German peasant, crushed under the yoke of imperial tyranny, freedom of conscience and of religion. But if the Spanish troops of the Emperor should carry the day, the gloomy clouds of despotism would roll on; the cruel spirit of the Edict of Restitution would speed northward unchecked in its course to the Baltic Sea; the protestant strongholds of northern Europe would fall before its terrible power; aye, even the Church of England, with its strength of continental separation, built upon the strong foundation laid by the Tudor monarchy, would probably fall before its cruel tyranny in the unfortunate civil wars of the Stuart kings.

But fortunately for protestantism, for civilization, and for history, on the morning of September 7th, 1631, the Edict of Restitution stood looking into its grave. As the sun sank upon the western horizon, and the shades of evening spread out over the field of battle to hide the cruelty and carnage of that awful day, six hundred men, the last remnant, of the imperial forces, carried Tilly from the field—

the man who had suffered his first defeat at the age of seventy-two. "The failure before Stralsund had reminded the Emperor that there was a limit to his power, but the battle of Leipsic fixed the limit to that power."

The road to Vienna lay open. All Europe, with bated breath watched the progress of events. As the smoke of war rolled away from the field of battle, there stood the protestant hero proclaiming a new era to the world. Was this a conquest for territory? Was it a struggle for Scandinavian supremacy? Was it an effort to wring from Ferdinand the Imperial throne? These were the questions that troubled the friends of the reformation. But contrary to the advice of his chancellor; contrary to the wishes of Richelieu or the expectations of Wallenstein, looking out over the scene of action from his southern home, the northern king turned away from the city of Vienna to devote his energies to the cause for which he had come. If the power of the Catholic League was not broken, the cause of protestantism must forever die.

It is interesting to notice Gustavus Adolphus as he spent the winter months in the city of Mayence. The friends of the Emperor, who had boasted that his ambitious veterans would disappear before their mighty legions, now saw, instead, visions of a tottering Hapsburg rule. He had not come to establish a world Empire. Within his unselfish soul, fanned by the pleadings of a persecuted race, burned a zeal for religious toleration. His part was to save the protestant faith from the throes of the reaction. The rule of Cromwell's Commonwealth was a rule of the sword. But Gustavus Adolphus looked with deeper prophetic vision into the future, and saw an empire governed, not by the iron hand of the

soldier, but by a league of princes, united in a common cause to check the oncoming tide of Spanish Inquisition. Such were his plans for the political future of Germany. But that favoring star of fortune that had led him on to become the standard bearer of the reformation was destined to leave him in the height of his glory and to sink forever on the bloody field of Lutzen.

Sixty-five thousand troops under the imperial banner lay intrenched on a plain between Leipsic and Lutzen. At the death of Tilly, Wallenstein was again placed in command and lay quietly waiting for the attack. The Swedish king had hoped to reach the imperial troops in time to surprise them on the evening of the 15th, but was compelled to spend the night in arms, waiting for the approach of day. Morning dawned with a heavy fog overspreading the field, preventing action until about eleven o'clock. Prayers were held as usual in the Swedish camp, followed by Luther's Battle Hymn,

> "A mighty fortress is our God,
> A bulwark never failing;
> Our helper He amid the flood
> Of mortal ills prevailing;

which filled the air with inspiration for the conflict. The hero of the battle rode forward on a white horse. As the mists began to clear away, and the sun shot its rays over that anxious field, waving his sword above his head he shouted, "Forward now in the name of God," and there broke out upon the morning air the tramp, tramp, of heavy feet with measured tread, and the whole line charged forward to carry the intrenchments. But a furious artillery fire from the imperial troops forced them back. Rallied by the voice of Gustavus they turned again upon their foe, and captured a battery in the center of the fortifications, and all about them, for

nine hours the battle raged. But upon this vantage ground the imperialists began to concentrate their guns, and before the irresistible fire of a whole artillery line the Swedes began to waver. Their king rode forward to rally them, and while furiously charging into the midst of the imperial stronghold a soldier cried out, "The king bleeds! The king bleeds!" But Gustavus called back, "It is nothing. Follow me;" and plunged into the thickest of the enemy. Another shot struck him and he fell to the ground. As he lay there helpless the enemy one after another, fired at the dying hero. When asked his name, he said in a feeble voice, "I am the king of Sweden and seal with my life's blood the protestant religion and the liberties of Germany."

"Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
When they who helped thee flee in fear.
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here.
Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
The blast of triumph o'er the grave."

The white, riderless, blood-stained charger flew down the line, proclaiming, everywhere the sad news of the fallen king. Cries of vengeance rent the air. Bernard of Saxe-Weimar rallied the protestant forces and before this irresistible avalanche of human forms, as night spread its enshrouding mantle over the scene of battle, the imperial forces were swept away. Wallenstein gathered the remnant of his troops and fell back into Saxony, to hide himself if possible from the disgrace of defeat.

Two hundred sixty-eight years have passed away since the death of Gustavus Adolphus. History has placed its verdict upon his chaarcter, and his career; simple, brave, passionate, truthful, devout. He was a leader of men. His justice, his courage, and his devotion to his cause inspired those

about him. He was no mere conqueror, no ambitious Napoleon, making a nation's exigency his ladder to personal aggrandizement. He felt himself God-called to the work of saving the protestant north. He never wavered in his purpose, nor allowed himself to be drawn aside by glittering rewards of conquest. So great was his power of spirit that even in his death he conquered. This was the spirit, the character of the "Lion of the North," who first dared to check the tyranny that Germany was powerless to resist; the savior of Protestantism, who established peace and toleration, the really great achievement of the modern world.

TWENTY-FOURTH CONTEST (1911)

MEN OF VISION

(HARVEY L. LEAVITT, DAKOTA WESLEYAN)

Our present civilization is the result of many ages of struggle and sacrifice. Visions of the ideal have ever inspired new thoughts and established new principles. The untrodden path which the human race is compelled to follow are beset by many difficulties and obstacles. Custom and bigotry make the advance movements of society slow and laborious. Often right has been punished while wrong has lived on for centuries. But when it has been necessary to do a great work for the world, commanders have appeared. Men of vision have stepped out from among the people to become leaders. In them great objectives have been incarnated and, thrilled by an unseen power, these men have become vital forces in the uplift of humanity.

A vision is an ideal interpreted through reason and conscience. It is not creed, nor a code of laws, but a deep and vital sense of truth and right. It inspires man not only to think about life problems, but to think them through to logical conclusions. It brings sound convictions, fearless courage, and the spirit of altruism. It enables the reformer to endure oppression, to defy persecution, and to face death. A mere conviction is of little value. Often the cause of wrong is supported by men of conviction. Courage alone is not a transforming power. An outlaw at times displays remarkable courage. But when courage and conviction are born of noble vision they then become a dynamic in the upward progress of society. A few centuries ago religious liberty and constitutional

freedom were but sanguine dreams of humanity, while today we count them among the richest blessings of our heritage.

Turn to the history of the Christian religion. Eleven men in Palestine set out to conquer the world. Oppression, persecution, and even death did not stop their onward march. Over Asia and Europe the Christian faith was spread, until kings and monarchs of the earth finally surrendered and governments yielded to its principles. Then came the dark Ages—a period in which the church and state were united, free thought suppressed, and papal power supreme,—an age in which the people were deceived by a licentious clergy, truth and justice were trampled in the mire, and salvation was sold as merchandise. But quickened by oppression and wrong, visions of religious freedom began to awaken the spirit of the Reformation throughout Europe. In Rome a Saxon monk, seeking pardon for his sins, was slowly climbing on his knees the sacred stairway when these words flashed into his mind, "The just shall live by faith." The true significance of this thought penetrated his soul, the scales of superstition suddenly fell from his eyes and he saw the world with a new vision. "At once," said he, "I felt that I was born again." True to his ideal he championed the cause of the people, defied the authority of the papacy, published his theses and burned the Pope's bull of excommunication. All Europe became aroused. At Worms before an Imperial and Papal council stood the lone monk with naught to guide him save his vision of a divine truth. "Will you recant?" was the burning question. In breathless silence humanity waited. The fate of unborn millions trembled in the balance. In tones that have echoed down through the centuries this great spiritual emancipator answered: "So help me

God, I cannot and will not recant. Here stand I, Martin Luther." Like a call to arms these words rallied the forces of Protestantism and for a hundred years Europe was a field of blood. The mighty power of vision triumphed and today freedom of worship has extended to the four corners of the earth, where one-third of the human race is enlisted under the banner of the Nazarene.

The power of vision is nowhere more evident than in the rise of constitutional government. The final clash between the "Divine Right of kings" and "political freedom" took place upon the battle ground of the American Revolution. In the old world, royal tyranny had dominated the governments for centuries, but in the forests and upon the plains of the new world the colonists had breathed a spirit of independence which would not permit them to bow down to an earthly king. England claimed the unrestricted power to tax. The colonists denounced the act as "unconstitutional and subversive to their dearest rights." "Let the rebels fight then," said George the Third, "and learn obedience." Dare the colonists take up arms against the mother country? Lord North said "No!" But William Pitt, the greatest statesman of the times, had courage to voice his sentiments in the cause of liberty. Before Parliament he boldly denounced the English system of tyranny. He showed the rift widening between the colonists and the home government. He reached his climax with these immortal words: "You can never conquer America. Three millions of people so dead to all feelings of liberty as to voluntarily submit to be slaves of us. If I were an American as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop were landed in my country, I would never lay down my arms. Never! NEVER!

NEVER!" And that great man of vision, William Pitt, had dealt a decisive blow to royal tyranny.

At length a crisis came to America. The words of William Pitt had been told in the market and by the fireside. Everywhere visions of freedom were aroused in the minds of the people. At Richmond a convention was assembled. The theme of the hour was "Liberty or Bondage, Life or Death." Excitement was at white heat. Jefferson, Randolph and Lee, upon whom depended the liberties of the continent, dared not speak their thoughts. But in a distant corner of that room sat the Virginia patriot, Patrick Henry; his soul was burning with the fires of a great cause as he realized the hour's demand. Calmly he arose and walked to the front. Amid shouts of "treason" he declared that the time had come to decide between freedom and slavery. The old walls seemed to tremble as he poured forth these burning words.

"We must fight! I repeat it, we must fight! The next gale that sweeps down from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Why stand we here idle? What is it that Gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God? I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death."

The effect of that speech crystalized the forces of the Revolution. From that hour the colonies were united. Then followed seven long years of fighting, struggling, dying; and America was free! The visions of a great people had sounded the knell to royal tyranny and welded constitutional freedom forever to the Anglo-Saxon form of government.

The pages of history are full of glowing tributes to the uplifting power of vision. But the times that

demand the vision of a Luther, a William Pitt, or a Patrick Henry do not all lie in the past. Never before has there been a greater need of this transforming element than today. Among the nations there are none whose people are so desirous of universal peace as are the people of America. This nation is of a cosmopolitan nature and though loyal to the Stars and Stripes thousands of foster children in this land still have in their hearts a love for the home country. Here are men from every side. Here is assembled a great world congress, the overflow of a hundred empires. Here into our own hands has been placed the key of international and universal peace. The Court of Nations has decreed that the peaceful settlement of all national disputes is both just and logical. The world looks to us to solve this problem. Will America be true to the vision? Does not the twentieth century enlightenment disapprove of such sports as prize fighting? Have gladiatorial combats and duelling been classed with arson and murder? Yet our Sixty-First Congress voted less than twenty million dollars for agriculture while sixty million was voted to build implements of war and destruction; twenty million to feed men, sixty million to kill men.

Not only in the cause of peace are men of vision needed but also in the social, commercial, and political fields. In the name of business, venal mine owners and railroad magnates become responsible for a large unnecessary destruction of life and yet go unpunished. For the price of gold, white slave traffickers trample in the mire the fair name of America. No one denies the awful destruction of intemperance. A thousand crimes brand it as a viperous enemy of home and country, but before God and conscience we vindicate by national consent. In these times of peace our American democracy is

being severely tested. The treasonous crimes of bribery which have been recently disclosed in Illinois, Ohio and New York reveal the startling fact that there exist in the complexity of our government germs of disintegration "which are eating like a cancer at the very vitals of the nation."

All are aware of these and of other evils. But what relief is at hand? Whither are we tending? "Where there are no visions," says an old proverb, "the people perish." The Jew, the Greek, and the Roman discarded their ideals and sank into oblivion. What is the outlook for America? Will this nation, purchased by human blood, be destroyed by internal corruptness? No! The power that launched the Reformation under Luther, the power that produced the Declaration of Independence, the mighty power of Vision must raise up men to meet the present crisis. From the rock-bound New England shores to the Golden Gate, from the "unsalted seas" to the Rio Grande, from every city and every plain men of vision are now stepping forward to defend the nation. In politics we have such men as Gore of Oklahoma, La Follette of Wisconsin, and many others whose disclosures of graft and corruption are arousing public conscience and helping to mould a government after the ideals of a great people. In the south land, that Moses of the Twentieth Century, Booker T. Washington, is faithfully laboring to solve the negro problem. In the conservation movement, such men of vision as Gifford Pinchot and Theodore Roosevelt are spreading the altruistic spirit, that posterity may possess a heritage as great as our own. As long as this nation realizes its mission to the world and to humanity, as long as there are men of vision, will America endure.

The true dynamic in all progress has been the power of vision. It was this power that sent Living-

stone into darkest Africa, impelled Gamewell to face the Boxer uprising in China, and led John G. Paton to the South Sea Islands. It was this power that inspired Abraham Lincoln to emancipate a race, Bolivar in South America to throw off the yoke of Spain, and Toussaint L'Ouverture in San Domingo to withstand the attack of the great Napoleon. It is this power that has been leading the Anglo-Saxon race throughout the centuries, overthrowing tyrants, rebuilding governments, nerving reformers to face death in the cause of truth. Vision is that irresistible power which in all ages has lifted man to higher planes. The need of this hour is Men of Vision; men who have faith in the ultimate triumph of truth and justice; men who believe in the principles of our American democracy; men who can calmly say in the presence of unjust ridicule or oppression, "RIGHT MUST LIVE" as God has given us to see the right, even if I must die."

TWENTY-FIFTH CONTEST (1912)

AMERICA'S INDUSTRIAL CRISIS

(ROI B. TIBBETTS, DAKOTA WESLEYAN)

"New occasions teach new duties." The crises of history have produced individual men of vision and power. From the Italian struggle for freedom come forth Mazzini and Garibaldi. Out of the strife of the common people of England, against the tyranny of kings, rise Hampden and Cromwell. Born of the war for American independence stand Patrick Henry and Washington. Out of the throes of African slavery stride William Lloyd Garrison and Abraham Lincoln. In the day of peril these men have risen from the ranks, and casting aside political expediency, have grappled with the threatened dangers, and saved the cause of humanity.

Confronting them were problems which could be solved by individual initiative and statesmanship. Facing us is a situation which cannot thus be met. Then, conviction and wisdom in the heart of the leader were adequate. Now, conviction and intelligence must flame in the heart of every citizen under the flag. Their problems belonged to a nation in its birth and early struggles; ours belong to a nation in its day of social and industrial expansion.

History teaches us that times of prosperity and peace are times of greatest peril. Other nations, like ours, have successfully met the dangers of early life. Later years of internal growth and development have proved their defeat. Every nation has grown strong in times of war with outside foes; none have long withstood the enemies within the gates, social corruption and personal greed. These enemies face us today. Shall they prove our

ruin? Shall this people be "one with Ninevah and Tyre?" All of the experience of history lies open before us.

The present situation is peculiar, we are at the same time blessed with peace and cursed with strife.

Old conflicts separated nation against nation, a king against his people, or one section against another. Today we see "a house divided against itself;" men working side by side to establish industrial strength secretly hating each other; men operating the same factory at war. He who furnishes the capital, bears the responsibility, secures the supply, and finds the market, is arraigned against him who operates the machinery, does the hand work, and turns out the product ready for market.

Thus the two factors of the industrial world, labor and capital, are divided into opposing camps, each swayed by the influence of extremists. On the one hand are lawless leaders of the socialist party and trades unions declaring strikes, encouraging riots, bomb throwing, the maiming and murder of honest workmen, assaults upon women and children, and the wrecking of homes. On the other hand, are unscrupulous operators, oppressing the widow, exploiting childhood, and abusing the ignorant for revenue only.

This conflict is filling the national mind. It is perplexing capital, and paralyzing labor. Capital charges the Labor Trust with interference with the law of supply and demand, by restricting production, and artificially advancing the cost of commodities. Labor charges the Money Trust with defrauding the wage-earner and increasing the cost of living, and it demands the overthrow of our industrial system.

The danger becomes more startling as viewed in the light of our progress. In the century and a

quarter of our national life, we have seen a continent transformed; the land covered with a network of steel rails, upon which the shuttle of national traffic weaves the fabric of our commerce; the air lined with highways of communication by which all corners of the nation become neighbors; one great heart-throb of industry, under the stroke and whir of machinery in factory and mill; the soil responding to the care and cultivation of man; centers of education springing up at the call of the modern mind; hills, prairies, and mountains alive with industry and progress. But over the scene hang the clouds of an on-coming storm. The air is electric with danger. Instead of universal happiness, the scene is marred by the gleam of hate, the note of discord, and the sound of strife between man and man. Right relations are distorted. The bond of friendship between capital and labor has been broken. Mutual distrust has entered. Labor and capital have forgotten what each owes the other—capital that labor creates wealth, is human and has sacred rights; labor, that capital furnishes employment, "that capital like force, must be massed to accomplish great ends;" that labor receives the largest percentage of all the value industry creates, and that capital is the directing force which makes this industry possible. Let the toiler stop and think. Every influence today is a force shaping the position of the workingman into one of power and stability, while through all run the mighty sinews of capital, connecting and supporting the whole. To capital credit is due, for the foresight and responsibility that creates enterprise. To labor justice must be given, with a living-wage that represents a fair return under the existing economic conditions.

The difficulty of our situation is increased because our dangers are worked into the very founda-

tion and principles of our government, into our systems and laws, our customs and habits. They have developed in the growth of our industries. From all sides conditions have contributed to complicate and intensify the difficulty of the problem. From the evolution of organized power have come the giant corporations and the labor organizations. Corporate power has made possible the amassing of the country's wealth in the hands of the few, and the consequent poverty of the masses. With the concentration of wealth has come the vulgar flaunting of the very rich before the very poor, the high cost of living, and the system of graft in politics and society. The very forces that have made us strong have developed our peril.

This ever-widening breach in our commercial life must be closed. But two classes in our midst make it impossible, the ignorant and the criminal. These twin evils infest our life and cause our peril.

Ignorance has ever been the henchman of tyranny and greed. A wide-spread industrial education is imperative. Ignorance cannot reason justly. It falls an easy victim of conditions. To the ignorant laborer capital becomes a tyrant, against whose oppression a blow in the dark seems its only redress. "Well may capital tremble when political power is in the hands of ignorant labor. The power can not be removed; the class must be destroyed; labor must be enlightened." Labor made intelligent, can think rightly. "It knows that capital is the motor of the age. It is ever changing places with capital; the incompetent heir forfeits his place to the able employee." Make the laboring class sane and virile with the power of knowledge, and the toiler becomes an added force in solving the national problems.

But more menacing even than the ignorant is the criminal, the criminal rich, the criminal poor.

Whence this class? The product of our civilization? Not so. Look deep into the history of life, and from its darkest pages comes the answer, the cause of crime is in the loss of conscience. In our industrial growth conscience has been dethroned by our mad struggle for gain. It must be restored. The great need of our business world is conscience. It alone can restore right relations between labor and capital. "Capital without conscience means tyranny; labor without conscience, anarchy." Lacking this great pilot of human progress, the ship of our national life will be driven upon the rocks by the industrial storm now beating upon us with increasing fury. Ignorance, the slave of fear and hate, and crime, the destroyer of virtue and nobility must be eliminated from our life or the voice of "war's grim command" shall again summon us with drum-beat and bugle-call.

Whither shall we turn for the enlightenment of the ignorant, and the awakening of conscience in the heart and mind of the criminal? To the politicians and political parties? They have tried and failed. Their plummet is for shallower waters. Our hope is in the educational forces of the nation, the home and the church, the school and the college. The atmosphere must be surcharged with the seriousness of the hour. These problems of industrial and social life must furnish themes of study and discussion. Let it become a national law that no child or adult shall continue to work without becoming intelligently familiar with the great fundamentals of education and government. If we cannot thus care for the foreigner, let the ports of entry be closed until we can properly provide for those within our gates. Let a Carnegie, instead of building libraries, and endowing palaces of peace, educate and lift up the great mass of foreigners employed in his own works.

Place in every school and college curriculum, courses in practical work; instate the living subject that is vital to the age in which we are doing our work.

Some intelligent effort has been made to meet the situation. For the adults are provided technical courses in sociology and mechanics, psychological experiments for efficiency under scientific management, and city settlement work. For the child we have the George Junior Republic, the National Newsboy Association, the Juvenile Courts, and child-labor laws in some states. These have resulted from the effort to right the wrongs, but they have only touched the outer edge, the heart of the problem has not been reached. Industrial intelligence and moral responsibility must become the very atmosphere of our schools and homes.

"Capital must be humanized; labor must be Christianized. Christian labor is the sublimest force in history." Upon this are we built and in this do we hope for the future.

Christian industry is wrought into the very life of the Republic. Gaining a foothold upon the soil of Massachusetts and Virginia, winding up through the mountain defiles, it took its way out across the plains, "striding up the side of the towering Rockies, over the crowning heights" and down upon the fertile shores of the Pacific, led by the best blood of the Anglo-Saxon race. Thus it pushes to the front, pioneering for a new race of men, conquering the wilderness, sowing the prairies with homes, lining the continent with cities, wresting coal and precious metal from the grip of the earth, refining the crude into the pure, harnessing the streams, creating educational centers, giving the best of its manhood and womanhood to the building of a nation, wherein dwelleth righteousness and se-

curity. But note the procession that moves against these interests of civilization, faithless industry, led on by ignorance and crime. Let the voice of oppressed ignorance; the murderous slaughter of the Chicago Teamsters Strike; the voice of outraged womanhood rising from white slavedom; the bombs which wrecked the Los Angeles Times building; the cry of the mothers and children rising from the hovels of the Lawrence textile mills; let these show us the fury of industry without intelligence, without conscience, without God.

Then let the spirit of the Man of Galilee touch our troubled life; touch it "in the vaults of greed, in the homes of want, in the camps of sin,"—touch, and win, and unite. Let the light of intelligent manhood drive out the night of ignorance, and the glory of a living conscience reign supreme. Let him whose brain is weary with honest thought, grip the hand that is rough with toil.

Then with a united industrial people, with our problems settled in the halls of peace, and our land alight with brotherhood; our commerce shall travel the high seas, and go to the ends of the earth. Our ideals shall influence the policies of all nations, and under God the glory of this people shall never depart.

TWENTY-SIXTH CONTEST (1913)

THE RESTRICTION OF IMMIGRATION

(FLOYD POOL, STATE UNIVERSITY)

Ellis Island is the great gateway to America. Through its portals are admitted every day of the year three thousand foreigners. Dawn sheds its light on a veritable army that has left the fatherland for a New World. Twilight fades into darkness leaving a new burden of care on this Republic. What America means to the immigrant is evident; but what the immigrant means for America is a problem of increasing perplexity.

Prior to 1820 immigration to the United States was insignificant. Soon after the war for independence came the hard times of Europe, followed by the German and French revolutions, and the Russian legislation against Jews. These unstable conditions in Europe and the golden opportunities of the New World caused immigration to America to assume alarming proportions. From one hundred fifty-one thousand in the decade from 1820 to 1830, it has increased until today thirty per cent of our entire population is foreign born. Do you know that since 1820 over twenty-eight million immigrants have been admitted to the United States? Do you know that in the last decade over eight million persons passed through the doors of America? Do you know that every year one million people enter the gates of this Republic? Such a movement of population is unprecedented in the history of the world!

Every civilized nation has a part in the great tide of immigration to America. The commercial progress of the United States has become the beacon light to success for every victim of adverse circum-

stances. As the great mass of eager people crowds its way to the new continent, insane, paupers, criminals and illiterates creep into the surging tide, and in the maddening whirl of business enterprise we have failed to guard the gates against the increasing throng of undesirable immigrants.

Undesirable people are coming into our country in ever increasing numbers, poisoning our civilization, and striking at the very vitals of our Republic. No longer can we ignore these facts. We must determine who shall and who shall not come to take up his abode in our land. The time has come when we must guard our liberties and protect our civilization; when we must place further restrictions on our present immigration.

From an intelligent perspective of the question, there are to be seen three distinct and separate phases: the racial, the social and the economic. First, then, the racial aspect. Until 1882, the streams of immigration arose largely in northern Europe. These immigrants were blended by the ties of freedom into a race, strong physically and intellectually—the American. The new race sacrificed life for the possession and maintenance of home and certain religious and political standards. It conquered nations. It built up a democracy of truth and right. It developed a national character, moral, wholesome, and ambitious. Its ideal was freedom for all, the brotherhood of man.

Suddenly there broke in upon this progress and harmony a race of people inferior in mind and body, a race that had never known self-government. There came with them illiteracy, pauperism, criminality, low standards of living. Immigration from southern Europe increased ten fold; while that from northern Europe decreased four fold. In a brief space of time, the old or desirable immigration

ended, and the period of the new or undesirable immigration was ushered in.

The hopeful attitude generally taken toward this invasion is that the seething of the "melting pot" will remove the dross and produce an article just as good, if not better, than the old. This attitude carries with it the qualification that should we not succeed with the parents, the public school will succeed with the children. But the tendency of the majority of our immigrants is to settle in racial groups. The child finds in his new home the same conditions as in his former home; the same examples, the same companions. When a child is reared in environments which are in harmony with his hereditary instincts, public school education can not mold new traits of character. Then, as in Austria-Hungary, different races will live side by side never wholly merging into a definite national type.

The problem now is how to unite into one people a congeries of races. Is this within our ability? Can we assimilate these manifold races from beyond the seas? Can we make them real Americans? Not until we have made them more receptive to intellectual enlightenment; not until we have formed some better means for distribution and assimilation; not until we have made drastic changes in our laws for the restriction of immigration; not until then, can we expect to have again a pure American race.

Important as we consider the racial side of the immigration problem, even more vital is the social aspect. It is wrapped in the alien habits and ideals of our thirty millions of immigrants. The pages of American history are stained with the blood of crime; crime, fifty per cent of which, according to the Census Reports, is due to foreigners. The immigration commissioner, in his annual report, de-

plores the fact that when an Italian dies he leaves as his only baggage a stiletto. Strange to think we harbor a class of immigrants whose sole companion is a knife! Strange to think we harbor a class of immigrants whose children, according to John R. Commons of the University of Wisconsin, are twice as criminal as their parents.

Insanity and disease have also produced marked effects upon our society. With the advent of the period of new immigration our insanity increased from twenty-eight to thirty-eight per cent. Senator Lodge of Massachusetts says of the thirty-five thousand persons in the asylums of New York, forty-seven per cent are foreigners. It was the immigrant, when the yellow fever epidemic raged in New Orleans in 1905, who was so troublesome to the physician. It was the immigrant who introduced the dread eye disease, trachoma, into the Manhattan schools. It was the immigrant who spread the bubonic plague on the Pacific coast.

Many social evils are due to illiteracy. Social institutions depend for their existence upon the ability of men to exchange ideas and act together intelligently for common purposes. Ignorant of any art or culture, without refinement, thirty per cent of our immigrants bring with them the superstition of ignorance. Three hundred thousand illiterate foreigners settle in our midst every year! Fifty per cent of the people in the slums of our great cities are from the delinquent classes of southern Europe—the classes that have fallen into the lower strata of civilization.

Do you wonder that our social conditions are so deplorable? Do you wonder that insanity and disease are so widespread? Do you wonder that crime is so prevalent in our society? These are circumstances which must be altered! Will our

brave loyal sons of the United States stand by and behold such conditions? Under what obligation are we to receive the burden of the world's delinquents? Awake! Ye Sons of America! Defend your rights and your liberties!

Undoubtedly the most vital reason for the restriction of immigration is the economic; a reason which involves the great mass of American working men; a reason which affects the entire economic life of this Republic. In the investigations of the Congressional Immigration Commission, it was found that there was an oversupply of unskilled labor in basic industries. The Commission reported that this condition demanded immediate legislation restricting the further admission of that class of labor. The labor market of America is overcrowded. The wage has become lower in proportion to the cost of living; immigrant workmen are flooding our industries, and the American, because he can not and will not compete with such a class of cheap labor, is being crowded out.

The Chinese Exclusion Bill was passed because that race was lowering the rate of wages and the standard of living on the Pacific coast. California is agitating the Alien Land Bill because the Japanese are attempting to gain possession of large tracts of land in that State. When the immigration commission investigated two hundred different communities in the manufacturing districts of the east, they found two hundred communities overcrowded with unwholesome and illiterate unskilled laborers. The annual average earnings of a foreigner in the Pennsylvania anthracite region was found to be $396. Yet many supported families and lived in such circumstances as to save money. In 1907 there was remitted to Europe through immigrant banks alone $141,000,000.00.

Far be it from any American citizen to raise his voice against that kind of immigration, that from the north of Europe, in whose veins runs the Anglo-Saxon and the Celtic blood. From those nationalities have sprung scions whose names stand high on the roll of honor. They have left the imprint of their useful activity on the development of every State in the Union. Welcome! Thrice Welcome!

We are not trying to keep out those, inspired by the love of liberty, seeking greater social, educational or religious advantages, but we are trying to safeguard our liberties, protect our institutions and prevent this nation from becoming the dumping ground for the unfit and criminal hordes of the Old World.

> "O, Liberty, White Goddess, is it well
> To leave the gates unguarded? On thy breast
> Fold Sorrow's children, soothe the hurts of fate,
> Lift the downtrodden, but with hand of steel
> Stay those who to thy sacred portals come
> To waste the gift of freedom: Have a care
> Lest from thy brow the clustered stars be torn
> And trampled in the dust."

The time has come when we must choose. Shall we have American or immigrant labor? Shall we have a high or a low standard of living? Shall we have industrial peace or industrial war? Shall the American or the immigrant reign? God gave us this land! It is ours to rule! The life-blood of a million people paid for its preservation! May the curse of our fathers rest upon us if we throw away the heritage of the past.

We are face to face with a national problem of tremendous magnitude. This question must be decided with unbiased judgment, and sentimentality must be laid aside. Now, what are we going to do? The concensus of opinion is in harmony with the idea of the Immigration Commission that our

present laws are "weak and ineffectual." Some plan must be adopted that will provide a more strict discrimination between desirable and undesirable immigrants. There are many courses open to us: the literacy test, the admission of only those workmen accompanied by wives or families, the limitation of numbers and more equal distribution, the material increase in the head tax. These are the most important of the suggested plans. However we restrict, a greater certainty in the exclusion of undesirable immigrants must be secured. For fifteen years the cause of restriction has been championed in the halls of congress with increasing ardor; petitions urging restriction are becoming multitudinous; in the last campaign both the Democratic and Republican parties advocated further restriction. The time will come—it is now coming—when we shall no longer "see through a glass darkly;" when we shall more fully realize the necessity of stemming the tide of immigration; when the Goddess of Liberty, with oustretched arms, will welcome a class of immigrants deserving the opportunities of a free land.

We are striving to maintain an ideal democracy. Men of mettle! Men of grit! Men of vision! The possibilities of future civilization in America are "beyond the dreams of men." Patriotic, liberty-loving America of the future is the land that holds the hope of humanity. It behooves every loyal American citizen to help guard the gates against an indiscriminate immigration, which threatens to undermine our social and economic structure.

TWENTY-SEVENTH CONTEST (1914)

FROM FAME TO INFAMY

(SAMUEL MARBLE, DAKOTA WESLEYAN)

The year 1780 marked the crisis of the American Revolution. Armies had been sacrificed, resources had been exhausted, martyr's blood had been shed in the effort to win independence and freedom, but freedom had not been secured. The early thrill and fervor of war had gone, and as American arms sustained repeated defeat, and ultimate failure seemed imminent, enthusiasm and hope declined, and zeal gave place to despair. It was the darkest period of the war. In this crucial hour, on an autumn night, Benedict Arnold betrayed his homeland. Goaded by vengeful passion, he secretly turned traitor, thrust aside his honor, and made himself the darkest figure in American history.

He is called a "modern Judas," and at some points these two were quite similar. Both men might have been honored throughout the world, for both had opportunities for the highest public service. Both had commanding abilities, both were well esteemed by their fellows, both were strongly moved by selfish interests, and both became traitors. But Judas was marked by his greed for gain; Arnold, by pride and ambition. Judas had a miser's money-lust; Arnold thirsted for glory and power. Judas was crafty, cold, emotionless; Arnold was indiscreet, arrogant, passionate. No sunny day of gladness or service illumines the life of Judas. The divine altruism of the Christ roused in him no answering passion. Sneering at Mary's sincere offering, he could steal from the bag entrusted to his keeping, and in the presence of sorrow and suffering, or joy and gladness, he was alike unmoved. Arnold is

different. Swayed quickly by his emotion, he is the victim of each passing impulse. The passions that whirl and boil in his blood make him erratic and reckless. In floods of emotion he is swept from his moorings, he is not his own master, his will is gone. But to both men comes the crisis, when the final battle is fought, and the outcome marks destiny. They emerge from the test, traitors both; their lives have the same deformity, and they go hand in hand through the ages, comrades in infamy.

Although his life ended darkly, Arnold's services before he turned traitor can hardly be over-rated. When he checked the British at Saratoga, it meant salvation for young America. As yet no European power had come forward to aid the colonies. Nations regarded doubtfully this new, untried America, with her twelve hundred miles of unprotected seacoast, her scattered population of less than four millions, her four hundred thousand square miles of territory to defend, and her pitifully small fighting force of fifty thousand men. But with the defeat of Burgoyne, the attitude of Europe changed. Spain, Holland, and France, soon recognized the colonies as an independent nation, and France promised to send them aid. "No military event," says the historian Creasy, "has exercised greater influence on the future fortunes of mankind, than this defeat of Burgoyne." And this victory, classed as one of the fifteen decisive battles in the history of the world, was made possible by Benedict Arnold.

Traitor though he became, he once was counted the soul of honor. Prior to his days at West Point, no man had questioned his patriotism. Quebec and Champlain were unparallel. No soldier exhibited greater bravery on the battle field than Arnold. And his was the genius for leadership. Behold him at Saratoga, where the jealousy of Gen. Gates had

deprived him of his command! With no authority even to fight, much less to give orders, Arnold watched with excited spirit the course of battle from afar. His frame thrilled to frenzy; glory beckoned him to the field. Stirred to madness by the din of battle, he leaped on his horse and rode to the head of his old command amid welcoming shouts and cheers. Dominant on the instant, reckless in the thickest of the fight, he ordered a charge at the enemy's center. Like a whirlwind he swept the British works, cleared them at a single assault, routed the broken, disordered lines, and gained the point commanding the entire British position, and then, just at the moment of victory, fell bleeding upon the field. O pity that the bullet which here shattered his leg had not found his heart instead! Dying at Saratoga, he had been forever a nation's hero; his life had ended in a blaze of glory, resplendent with a dignity beyond that of kings. But he lived, and living passed from fame to infamy.

Not all men however, condemn Arnold for his treason. In these later days there have arisen, especially among the English, apologists for his crime. They say storms of emotion and thoughts of revenge had no place in his soul. Patriotism supplied his motive, and the betrayal came as an act of service, given in the truest devotion. They remind us that after the war began, New England first dreamed of freedom. At that time, her intense ardor seemed to bring independence within easy reach. But six years of fighting had brought no gains, and her dreams were still only dreams. Then the ragged soldiers lost hope. Supplies were gone, resources exhausted, suffering men were calling for peace. England now offered all and more than all that was asked when the war began. But a mere half-dozen stubborn men, in places of high authority, refused

the terms and prolonged the fight, while homes and towns throughout New England prayed and cried for peace. Why prolong the struggle? Why not end the warfare? Why not terminate the needless work of destruction, and stop the profitless shedding of blood? It was with this purpose that Arnold planned treason. He took command at West Point, intending to betray it, make the cause utterly hopeless, "end the war without further bloodshed," and bring peace to his homeland. Thus apologists inform us that patriotism induced Arnold's treason.

Can this view be consistent with the ascertainable facts? Have American's misjudged Arnold? Considering, we pause, lest we condemn too quickly.

Had Arnold not suffered humiliation before the betrayal of West Point, Americans would find it less hard to believe that his motive was to bring peace. But it must be admitted that Arnold had suffered injustice. Congress had given him meager credit for his services at Saratoga. His command had been in one instance, unjustly taken away. And later he had been court-martialed for only a minor offense, and received public reprimand. Stung by this repeated injustice, suffering keenly from wounded pride, the haughty soldier only too probably harbored thought of revenge.

Arnold, like most proud spirits, was sensitive and resentful. Every injustice provoked his wrath, each injury roused him to vengeance. Headstrong and impetuous, he could not endure restraint nor give pardon to one who had wronged him. His whole life was one of stormy passion, reckless and wild as a foaming sea. Unlikely was he to betray West Point from an honest motive, when the deed offered no chance for revenge.

Usually, when one experiences an honest change of conviction, neither money nor the thought of office

have influenced his meditations. But Arnold, upon his change of conviction, received at once from the British, a sum of money sufficient to cancel his debts, and in addition the highest office he ever held in his life. Can it be that his change of conviction was honest? Can it be that these big rewards came as a gift, and not also as a bribe? Furthermore, it would seem, that had Arnold believed the Colonial cause was hopeless, he would have stated this fact first of all to his friends, and advised that the fight be abandoned. But neither Washington nor any other American knew that Arnold had ceased to hope. Would patriotism lead him to tell his secret fears to the enemy?

And his later conduct forbids the thought that patriotism led him. If he had planned for his country's welfare, then why did he not withdraw from the war when he knew that his plan had failed? But instead of withdrawing, he takes arms against the Colonies. No foe could work more destruction. Black clouds of smoke from homes and villages mark his progress in the daylight, and at midnight his glowing bonfires shine red against the sky. He leaves desolation everywhere, and works as a most bitter enemy. Would patriotism lead him to devastate his homeland? No! This is the work of one seeking revenge, led captive by the frenzy of hate! And notwithstanding the pleas of apologists, the verdict of the past century is accepted for our own: Arnold was a traitor.

The war over, his work of vengeance ends. But do you know revenge, how it allures and promises, then takes away the pleasure and fills the heart with aching and remorse? Then he who so lately planned suffering for others, finds it strangely return to himself. He brings torture and misery upon his victim, but the whirlpool of destruction he created catches

and draws him to his own doom, and as the shadows grow darker and denser about him, he sees all too late, the mockery of revenge.

And this monster Revenge, the alluring, agreeable giver of promises, the deceiver, the "scoffing demon, whose smile is a stab, and whose laugh is an infernal sneer," made Arnold his victim. In glee he takes the joy from his life, and gives him intense misery; brands him with crime and robs him of honor; drives him forever apart from his fellows in torture and blackest shame. And the victim, in silent suffering, faces a world where honor, and hope, and friendship, are dead. Behold him in London after the war, the most scoffed at, yet most pitiable of men, barred from society, shunned by acquaintances, greeted with insults, answered with sneers, deserted by friends and by family, cast out, dishonored, alone! Too late, he sees the full extent of his blunder and his crime.

When the joy of fellowship is removed, life loses its brightness. The soul moves in the joyless dark, the heart is crushed in despondency. Arnold saw a universe full of joys for others, but for him—empty. His fate was to live with hope, no wish, no ambition, seeking only peace. Peace! The word haunts him like a passion. It takes him back across the Atlantic. Here he has seen it. He has felt it in the handgrasp of Warren and of Washington. It shines in the eyes of his countrymen, it lives in the hearts of friends. Peace! It floods his soul in even the battle's confusion. He recalls the fight at Quebec, the steep rocks, the dark night, the falling snow! He rides the waves of old Champlaine once more leader in a mighty battle. Peace! The word obliterates his misery, the days of his integrity return. He leads the charge at Saratoga, scatters the red-coats, falls headlong covered with blood,

but a victor still! Peace! But forever into his mind come the memories of West Point, the secret plotting, the betrayal, the flight, the shame, the days of warfare that end in misery. He looks about to behold a world of bitterness. Scorn peers upon him from every eye, every tongue heaps shame upon him. Mankind are void of all godly attributes. Love is dead. Hate rules supreme. Peace? There is no peace!

"How are the mighty fallen!" Victim of an unworthy impulse, Arnold passed from glory to ignominy. His was a life of wild emotion, good and bad by turns, resplendent with heroic deeds and brilliant sacrifices, but erratic and full of faults; one that rendered noblest service, and contributed richly to American freedom; but it ended in a London garret, in shame and infamy.

TWENTY-EIGHTH CONTEST (1915)

"CHILDREN OF THE GLOOM"

(CLEMENT THOMAS, HURON COLLEGE)

The November evening was damp and chill, and the dark mist hung like a pall over the Pennsylvania City. The busy workers had long since sought the shelter of their homes. Now and then an auto sped along the street, bearing its haughty silk-gowned occupants to the opera or to the dance. An occasional pedestrian hurried along as if lured on by the lights that blinked at him through the fog. The noise and glare of the glass factory strove in vain to penetrate the mist to where the burly policeman paced his measured beat. The lonely guardian of the night had only been on duty for an hour, but already he was shivering with the cold, and he was thinking of his comfortable little home. Hark! What was that? A faint coughing from out the gloom. There it is again, he must investigate. There huddled up in the corner of a porch lay a wan poorly clad little figure, but oh! that cough. "Say, Mr. Policeman, don't take me away, I'm tired, just let me sleep here. Home? Ten blocks away, and oh! I'm too tired. Only one room, ten of us kids, and no fire nor nothin' tonight, tain't worth it, cop. Let me sleep here. Yes, in the glass factory, worked twelve hours, running all the time. Been there two years and more—awful hot in there, but ugh! it's cold here. My birthday tomorrow, yes, just ten; getting old, ain't I? I'm tired, just let me sleep. Say, Mr. Policeman is them the angels the mission lady talked about? My birthday too. They're coming, Good-bye, cop, I'm going."

Poor child! Ten years old, isn't big enough for six, but his face looks old enough for one double

his age. Those eyes! how sunken, how beseeching in their death stare. Tenderly the big policeman closed the weary eyelids, and lifted up the frail body in his arms. Two big tears rolled down his cheeks, for he had four little ones himself at home. He strode forward with his burden, and was lost in the mist.

It wasn't much that had happened—it had occured many times before—it would occur again. Away in the intense heat of the glass factory were hundreds more of them, little fellows of tender age doing the night shift, hurrying and scurrying in the bright glare of the furnace. There were many just as frail, just as feeble, but more tenacious in their hold upon their miserable existence. But they cannot stand it much longer, their turn will come, who knows how soon? for the modern Moloch must be appeased with the blood of the innocents.

We turn to Dixie land, with its broad white acres and its dark cotton mills, and we are still haunted by the little tired overworked creatures. Under the hot Southern sun they toil from morn till eve gathering the white fluffy cotton. Some of them are mere babies, but they toddle along, footsore and weary and stooping beneath the weight of their burdens. But more heart-rending still is the squalid lot of the little workers in the great grim factories. Hour after hour, they toil, toil, toil in the dark damp atmosphere of the ill-lighted factory. Out in the sunshine, everything is bright and joyous, the green fields are smiling and the happy birds are singing, but in vain for these children does nature call. At dawn, they trudge their way to the gloomy prison-house, they heed not the thrush's morning greeting not the welcoming smile of the flowers. The heavy door bangs behind them, and shuts the light and the song from the mill, and from

their young lives it blots out the joy and the sunshine, their rightful heritage. Day in and day out, month after month in weary sequence, the little toilers of the night pursue their monotonous round—

The children of the gloom,
'Mid the thunder of the loom,
Tacking, tying,
Flitting, flying,
Through the shadows of the gloom,
'Mid the thunder of the loom,
Sobbing, sighing,
Dropping, dying,
The children of the gloom.

We are now on the Gulf, looking out on the dark waters of the Atlantic, on the never-ending chain of foam-tipped waves. Not far from where the breakers dash in sportive glee, the low dark oyster sheds lie almost hidden, as if ashamed to lift up their heads for the tragedy that is behind their walls. Again we are faced with the now familiar spectacle of the pale pinched faces of little children working for dear life canning oysters and shrimps. With what pitiful eyes of wonder do they look up for a moment as we enter. The little hands are torn and bleeding, and the poison that comes from the heads of the shrimps eats holes in the baby fingers. Every year, thousands and thousands of these children, underfed and underclothed, are brought by merciless padrones to work long weary hours in the canning sheds, doing work that a child should never be permitted to do. Ignorant, ill-nourished, undersized, cheated and fleeced at every turn, these mites are herded about the country like so many sheep or cattle. They live like cattle too, crowded together in miserable squalid shacks, dingy and filthy beyond description. There's no chance for cleanliness, no room for decency—they eat a little, sleep a little, and work long weary hours at their unhappy toil. Aha! Padrone has a new victim today, a bright little girl of some eleven

years, easily discernible by the clean apron and the bright face from which the ruddy glow has not yet been driven. She has come from the land of the mountains, with their purple blossomed heather. A smile, then a shadow passes over her face, then she heaves a sigh of longing as she thinks of the laughing flowers which have been her playmates, of the happy home where her mother lived. Ah! that she should have come to this. Her face is pure as the mountain air which once she breathed, as pure as the flowers which once with childish glee she made into garlands to deck her brow. Pure? Yes, but for how long? See, padrone already turns towards her with a lustful leer, and before she is able to understand, this chaste child of joy will have been robbed of what can never be given back to her. God! shall she be to blame if she be forced to seek the harlot's booth?

Thousands and thousands of these tragedies occur in this country year after year in unceasing rotation. Men and women of America, do you know it has been computed that about two million children are engaged in something like two hundred trades—children varying in age down to mere babies of four and five? It has been charged that this child labor question has been overestimated, that the picture of conditions has been overdrawn. No, a thousand times no. We have been too callous, too hard-hearted, too indifferent to the piteous cry of the toiling multitudes of little children. Look at the thousands of them working in the murky begrimed atmosphere of the coal-washers, until bruised and broken they are thrown on the scrap-heap of humanity, then say it is overestimated. Behold them in crowds running our city streets, delving in the hideous wretchedness of overcrowded tenements, stumbling through the mire of a New

Jersey cranberry bog, working in nearly every case for miserably low wages, through intolerably long hours, until all energy and life is sapped, and the little toilers out of sheer weariness sleep beside their untasted food. How well do you know the harm of the deadly nicotine, yet see the children working day after day in the foul humid atmosphere of tobacco factories, until their bodies become thoroughly saturated with the death-dealing drug. See for yourselves, learn for yourselves the indescribable hideousness of their surroundings, the monstrous injustices imposed upon them, and then say our outcry is overdone. Oh! when shall we realize the immensity of this problem.

Think, you citizens of this proud country, with all its prodigious resources and boundless promise, think of the unspeakable tragedy that is daily, hourly being enacted on your own hearth. You boast of your education, yet here at your very door are hundreds of thousands of children denied the right to know and to learn, growing up in ignorance and darkness. You sing with heart and soul, "America, the land of the free, the home of the brave," while in your very midst are these little ones to whom the song is but a mockery and a lie. Do you not pride yourselves on your humanity? Then think of the little bodies, maimed and marred, daily thrown on the scrapheap. Think of the tortured children, robbed of the joy and sunshine of childhood's days, of the little workers, footsore and weary, delving by day and by night, of bleeding baby hands, of pale weary consumptive little toilers, the mothers and fathers of the next generation. Think of all this needless, useless suffering, and think of—your humanity.

But are there not Child Labor Laws, you ask. To be sure there are, covering some of the cases,

but many of these things are done in spite of legislation. What is needed is that the national conscience shall be aroused, that public opinion shall become too strong for such practices to survive, that you should express your mind with no uncertain voice. Oh! cannot you hear the piteous wailing of the children, cannot you see their appealing eyes? Look at that window—what do you see? The sky and the stars. Nay, but nearer—from that glass cannot you see the pallied faces of the children that made it? In your fires, cannot you see the frail forms of the little ones holding out their feeble arms imploring your help? In the clothing that you wear cannot you feel the touch of the little fingers that have handled them, fingers clinging to you in silent but eloquent prayers for you to release them from their bondage? Why, the very linen that you use is but a shroud for the baby toilers of the gloom.

You, whose forefathers came to these shores and planted the flag of freedom, of justice and of mercy, will you today allow that flag to be sullied by the stain that is now upon it? You whose fathers and grandfathers shed their blood for the noble cause of liberty, will you not rise again today and once more drive from your land the curse that they abolished? They fought for the blacks, you are called upon to fight for your own children, "Flesh of your flesh, blood of your blood."

"They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see . . . .
'How long', they say, 'how long, O cruel nation' . . . .
And the child's sob in the silence curses deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath."

TWENTY-NINTH CONTEST (1916)

"THE KNIGHT AMONG THE NATIONS"

(SIMON P. NELSON, YANKTON COLLEGE)

"I am here by command of silent lips to speak once and for all upon the Cuban situation. I shall endeavor to be honest, conservative and just. I have no purpose to stir the public passion to any action not necessary and imperative to meet the duties and necessities of American responsibility, Christian humanity, and national honor." These words, spoken in the halls of Congress in 1898 by Senator John M. Thurston, formed the prelude of a plea for Cuba, which aroused the American nation from its lethargy and prepared the way for that intervention which drove the tyranny of Spain forever from the western hemisphere and transformed a downtrodden colony into a flourishing nation. Today, a scant two decades later, another people are playing the silent role of victim and martyr in the European drama of fire and blood. I refer not to the beleagured Serb, struggling desperately against the invasion of mighty foes; nor to the conquered Belgian, ground under the foot of an alien empire; nor to the bewildered Jew, lost in the turmoil of the warring nations. Their pathetic stories are being told by many tongues, and the great heart of American sympathy is going out to them in their bitter distress. Rather, would I bring to you the picture of a people whose wrongs are but little known, whose needs are all but neglected. Today, the spectacle of war-scourged Poland, bleeding on her fertile plains, makes, as did Cuba a score of years ago, a moving appeal to "American responsibility, Christian humanity, and national honor."

History is repeating the sad story of the centuries. Poland, the "Knight Among the Nations", once more suffers for the sake of others. Again is that unfortunate land the battling-ground between Slav and Teuton. Pause for a moment, you who are serene and calm amid the beauty and plenty of a land at peace. Vision, if you can, the present chaos of Poland! Grasp the significance of the fact that all the titanic battles on the Eastern front have been fought on Polish soil! In their death-struggles great armies have swung back and forth across her level plains—Russians from the east, Austrians from the south, Germans from the north and west. All marching and fighting on a scale of unprecedented magnitude, they have left a train of wreck and desolation beside which the sufferings of Belgium and Serbia dwindle into mere discomfitures. Do you doubt that statement? Then read your recent press reports and note that three hundred thousand Polish children have died from hunger; note that no outside aid can reach the stricken country. In very truth, "Desolation broods over the land, as the raven over the infected house." But this is not all the story! With the warm winds of summer there came disease and noisome pestilence—smallpox, typhus, cholera. So terrible the consequences that the bullet which snuffed out the life became a mercy. Famine swept the land—its weird cry adding a new note to the dirge of desolation. But even this is not all the story! The Poles themselves are fighting; not for their country; not for their homes and families, as are the Serbs and Belgians; but at the behest of cruel oppressors, and in separate armies. Sometimes even brother against brother. If you would realize what this means then listen to a story from the European battlefield: A Polish regiment in the

Russian ranks is ordered to charge a line in Galicia. Boldly they advance, bayonets in place, shouting their battle-cry. An Austrian regiment advances to meet them, and the cheers and noise of battle ring on every side. But as they come together they find that both are shouting the cry of Poland, their common country! At that instant, inspired by a common impulse, their bayonets are lowered, they fall upon their knees, and in their common language they breathe the prayer which begins: "Our Father," and which pleads "Thy Kingdom come!" These men, kneeling there upon the desolate plain of their Fatherland, between contending armies, are a type of bleeding Poland. Her land is devastated; her homes are ruined; her men butchered; her women ravaged; her children starved. But in the midst of all these calamities, she looks to her God for future regeneration, and breathes a prayer for His Divine aid in her time of trouble.

But Poland's present is not her only voice which cries for sympathy and help. Her past speaks to us as well. Proudly the voice of Polish history rings out: I was once a nation among the nations. Although nature never marked out my territory with the bold strokes of rivers and mountains—yet for centuries the bulwarks of my nationality were beaten against in vain by Tartars, Slavs, Northmen, Germans, and Austrians. In the fourteenth century I overwhelmed those organized despoilers who styled themselves "Knights of the Cross" and saved Prussia from their pillage. More than that! For centuries I stood at the gate of the Orient, giving my lifeblood for the preservation of western civilization and western liberty. When the Seljuk Turks stormed against the walls of Vienna it was my son, King John Sobieski, who hurled them back and saved all Europe from the peril of the Crescent!

Well did I then deserve that title, "The Knight Among the Nations," bestowed upon me by a grateful world. But more than that! My land in its prosperity was ever the refuge for the oppressed of all the nations. Here the persecuted Jew found hearty welcome and extensive privilege. Does America boast her tolerance of the "scattered nation" as a new thing? I, Poland, exercised that tolerance before America was even dreamed of. When the Huguenots were being massacred in Paris, when heretics were being burned in Spain, when Catholics and Protestants were alternately being driven to the scaffold, when Germany and Scandinavian countries were being drenched in blood in the Thirty Years' War—thousands of every creed found within my borders a haven of rest. And not in religious tolerance alone have I led the world! Far back in the dark ages I dreamed of a republic for my people. I sought to educate them, as well. My board of education was the first of its kind in all Europe. My sons have made a consummate contribution to the arts and sciences. My heavens are bright with a veritable galaxy of stars—the transcendent Copernicus, the glorious Chopin, "the sweet singer of the piano," Paderewski, and other great lovers of the muses; the orator Skarga, and that hero of liberty, Kosciusko, who fought so nobly for the independence of an alien nation—the American colonies. But these, my virtues, seem today to avail me naught; the knight among the nations is now a stricken knight, and can only look to the future for that bright hope of a new national existence!

That very future to which Poland strains with eager eyes is another voice that pleads for her regeneration and independence. For in the restoration of Poland lies the chief hope of peace for war-

ridden Europe. If that tragedy which robbed Poland of her nationality more than a century ago had never been enacted, there would be no war in Europe today. For Poland, instead of being partitioned among three nations now at war, would be a "buffer state" between the Slav and the Teuton, and, standing firmly on her broad plains, would hold the balance of power between them. And no peace in Europe can be lasting which does not resurrect Polish nationality. For the Poles are a distinct nation. All efforts of the Germans to absorb them, of the Austrians to placate them, of the Russians to browbeat them, have been futile in the past, and will continue to be so. That peace which shall come at the end of this disastrous war must be a lasting peace. It must have in it no conditions which shall doom a self-conscious nation to a hated foreign yoke. The voice of Poland's present suffering, her past glory, and her future possibility as a factor for peace, all unite in pleading for her regeneration and independence! Will that plea be heard? Will the cry of Poland meet with the response it so well merits? Will her past glory and present suffering as the "Knight Among the Nations" prove in vain? When the shroud of smoke has lifted over those fields of crimson carnage, what shall the eye behold? Shall history repeat her tragic tale? Shall the record of subjection and oppression continue? Shall Poland again be the victim of lustful greed— the spoils of the conquering spoiler? Heaven forbid! May the God of justice through human will and quickened conscience rise in His might and protect the weak of this earth! In the councils that shall end this war may there be the keen-eyed and far-seeing statesman who shall detect the cause of this tragedy of the ages in the Polish question, and may such statecraft result as shall remove that cause!

That statesman, clear-eyed and far-seeing, should be the American statesman. That statecraft is the diplomacy of ideals which our nation represents! Where can America better present her plea for humanity than before the tribunal which shall determine the fate of Poland? We answered the plea of Cuba; shall we turn a deaf ear to bleeding Poland? Thurston pleaded for a few thousand; today we hear the cry of millions; the prayer of a million mute lips whose unknown and unmarked graves fringe the frozen trenches of deserted battlefields; and that other prayer from the living lips of thousands whose wails rise hourly from the desolate, haunted plains of Poland.

You ask what such a new birth as a nation would mean to the Polish patriot? Listen! They are giving their all—their property, their lives—not for selfish gain, but in the hope that the peace which closes this carnage will restore their independence, permitting Poland once more to take her place among the nations of the world. Among the jewels which a Polish noblewoman in England has recently sacrificed to aid her stricken countrymen is a ring, an old family heirloom—dating from the time that Poland's bleeding and dismembered body was partitioned among her brutal neighbors. The setting of the ring is a miniature coffin, emblematic of Poland's burial. When a tiny spring is touched the coffin opens and a Polish knight in full regalia with sword aloft, rises from this tomb in which he slept since his country was dismembered. This is the

dream, the soothing balm which the suffering Pole has poured into his wounded heart. The past has been dark with defeat; the present is black with despair; the future alone lends a gleam of hope. For with the ending of this European conflict may American diplomacy touch this hidden spring, causing Poland, "The Knight Among the Nations," to rise Lazarus-like from the dead, and take its place by the side of its benefactor—a free and happy people, a reunited and prosperous country, a nation among the nations.

THIRTIETH CONTEST (1917)

THE IDEALS OF THE COMING AGE

(HAROLD R. HUSTED, SIOUX FALLS COLLEGE)

Our ideals determine our progress. They are not achievements in themselves, but they reveal tasks to be performed. They are not to be mistaken for results already attained, but they do serve the purpose of inspiring and guiding us into ever higher and richer experiences of life. It is psychologically true that no life or community is likely to rise higher than its own consciously adopted standards of thought and action. We are now entering an era of social achievement when mankind, unitedly, will undertake by organization and co-operation, even mightier tasks than ever accomplished before. It is our task to find and consciously adopt constructive ideals sufficient for the unifying and controlling of these many social achievements.

In the past, individual inventive genius has added improvement after improvement, until it would seem that man's mastery over nature is to be well nigh complete, as these ideas and inventions are socialized and extended to benefit all. But with all that has been done, socially and ethically, the world is still in a state of chaos and disorder. In this era of unparalleled wealth, we are faced with the fact of direful poverty. In a time of most marvelous triumphs of science, a vast and increasing proletariat are living from hand to mouth. In a time of most widespread intelligence, the world is witnessing the most horrible and destructive of wars. Civilization seems to be reaching another crisis and it would seem as if the very foundation of nations are crumbling. Truly it may be said that we have not yet solved the problem of human life or the art

of living together. Our age is in search, not so much for new as renewed ideals, ideals adequate to grip and guide the coming age must be found and frankly adopted. Where shall we look for these ideals?

The ideals of the past have not been without their value. Since life is continuous, the stream of history is pouring a variety of ideals and traditional practices into our present. The process of finding ideals for the coming age adequate to meet the increasing needs of humanity and to satisfy all the demands of progress, will be partially a process of discriminating the worthy and permanent which comes to us from the past.

In analyzing this past it is possible to discern certain distinct streams of idealism. From ancient Egypt comes the ideal of social justice. This ideal has been inforced and made a part of a rigid program of social control by the judgments of the "Book of the Dead." This same ideal was reinforced and further emphasized by the great prophets of Israel. "Let justice roll down like waters and righteousness as a perennial stream" is the injunction of the first great writing prophet, Amos. The epitome of the ethics and religion of the Old Testament is set forth in the quotation from the prophet Micah which ex-president Eliot of Harvard selected to adorn the Column to Religion in the Library of Congress at Washington: "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God?" This ideal of social justice

has been a forceful check on exploitation of the weak by the strong through all the course of history.

The paramount ideal of classical Greece is that of self-realization. A sound mind in a sound body, free, developed, happy, expressing life in the fullest fashion, is the prevailing ideal wrought out by these ancients. It is not altogether without its truth and value. But it falls short in that it develops self-assertiveness and is in that measure anti-social. Its measurable realization in ancient times was only possible by the inslavement of the masses and leisure for the few. Coming into our age and combining with the conception of the survival of the fittest, it has wrought great damage in the social order, and has been the tacit excuse for ruthless, over-reaching personal ambition. If combined with an adequate social ideal, this ideal of self-realization is fraught with wondrous possibilities for the human race. It must be modified and redeemed by an ideal whose essence is at once ethical and altruistic.

It is from a fulfillment rather than a laying aside of these ethical ideals of the past that we find our ideals for the coming age. It is also necessary that we see them, state them and frankly adopt them in form suited to the changed world in which we live and work. Our ideals must both be for the individual and for the social order, and must be applicable to the complex life in which we now live and which will become more complex as the years pass by.

The first ideal which we must fully adopt with all its implications, is that of the supreme worth of

personality. Our age is cursed with many reminders of cruelty and tyranny left over from the past ages which place things above persons. There are traditions and laws which are often reverenced and held in higher regard than the human soul. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his life." Or, "What shall a man give in exchange for his life" are simple, yet significant statements of the value of the soul. Institutions, law, religion itself, exist to serve and minister to human life.

> "Behold the midnight splendor, worlds on worlds,
> Ten thousand—add twice ten thousand more
> Then weigh the whole—
> One soul outweighs them all."

Yet there are practices in industry which hold human life cheap. The working man is often spoken of as a "hand," and is known almost entirely by number. What goes on in his life, the sorrows and joys of himself and family, are of little or no account in the estimation of those who place profits ahead of happiness and dividends ahead of human life. Business, which is frankly utilitarian, must be brought under the control of the conception of service—service of human needs. Any ideal or program for progress will fail that does not have as its fundamental doctrine, the worth of the human soul.

Another ideal which is in a measure a corollary of the first, is the ideal of democracy—spiritual, intellectual, political, and industrial. This also is one of the ideals of the coming age and when clearly understood, will work wonders to bring about the conditions for which it hopes. Already we have established in modern civilization, the conception of spiritual democracy or the competency of the individual soul in the presence of truth and reality. We guarantee intellectual freedom and our school system is based upon the belief that education should

be democratic and accessible to all. From the kindergarten to the university, society makes adequate provision not for a privileged few, but for all whose capacity makes possible a share in learning and culture. The state is no longer the ruler who claims to rule by divine right, but it is the sovereign people with whom all political authority ultimately rests. Today we are feeling our way into the conviction that the ideal of democracy has even wider applications.

Will we dare extend this ideal to include the entire social process, especially to industry? Many employers have already made their employees sharers in the profits of industry which their toil is helping to create. This is a great step in advance. A further step needs to be taken: to give the men who toil a share in the control and management of the industry with which their lives are so closely associated. On the principle of "no taxation without representation," representatives of the workers would sit in council with the directors to manage the enterprise and a close bond of good-will and co-operation would be formed in industry. The solution of the labor problem is in the extension of democracy. This ideal is one of the constructive forces of the coming age.

A third ideal closely related to the other is that of human brotherhood. It has been the dream of nation after nation, race upon race, to dominate and control the world and impose its civilization and culture on all mankind. Such dreams of conquest and vanity have caused perpetual strife. The passion for commercial supremacy has led to innumerable wars. But soon the time has come for a full and sincere adoption of the ideal of humanity as one in interest and destiny united in the family of God.

Wars are not a necessity. There is nothing in the nature of strife, even international strife, that cannot be satisfactorily adjusted. If nations can agree to establish war as their arbiter of peace, why can they not establish a more peaceful substitute? It is possible. Nations must adopt the principle of action which has come to be so prevalent in the governing of the relations of individuals. They must be more concerned to give justice than to demand rights. This world can never attain its highest standard of civilization until this one disgraceful blemish called war is obliterated. It is the task of the coming age to create institutions which will maintain world peace and prevent the recurrence of war.

These three ideals, the supreme worth of every personality, the extension of democracy into all industrial and social life, and the realization of the brotherhood of man, must be made the unifying and controlling ideals of the coming age.

Who will champion these ideals? In the militant Messianic Psalm of David, where the forces of righteousness are being rallied, is found this significant attestation of the spiritual qualities found in youth: "Thy people shall be volunteers in the day of Thy strength, and out from the beauty of holiness came forth Thy young men and maidens, fresh with the dew of their youth." College men, and College women, we must champion these ideals. We who are to live in the next age have the opportunity above all others to stand for human value, human happiness and human salvation. These ideals are worthy of the ambitions of our college students. We stand on vantage ground of centuries. From us will be demanded vastly more than from men of the past, for these many opportunities are our respon-

sibilities. Let us make these ideals our door to progress.

These are days when the personification of an ideal is especially potent. Mankind has always been better able to understand and follow a personalized ideal than an abstract statement. Where shall we look for the personal leader in the coming age? These three ideals are all in the substance of the ethical ideals of the Prophet of Galilee. He emphasized the supreme worth of the individual. He established a spiritual democracy for his fraternity of followers, and He was the first Prince of Peace. He not only taught these ideals but gave his life for them. What more pathetic picture in all history than this? The Christ, with a crown of thorns on his head, scourged by Roman soldiers, mocked and railed at by the fickle and frenzied mob, deserted by his friends, nailed to the cross between two thieves, yet dying with these loving words of forgiveness on his lips—"Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." Surely, the leader and personalized ideal of the coming age must be the Nazarene who not only taught these ideals but lived them and gave his life that we might have them as ours. He gathers up and fulfills all that is best in the past of any people and raises to new power and effectiveness the highest hopes for all mankind. To Him we must look and in Him we must trust for the ideals of the coming age.

PEACE CONTESTS

THE MODERN PARADOX

(FRANCIS CASE, DAKOTA WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY

This oration received first place at the National Oratorical Contest of the Intercollegiate Peace Association held at Lake Mohonk, New York, May 18, 1916.)

We are witnessing the greatest paradox of all history. Five years ago war was declared impossible—today the greatest nations of the globe are in arms. Three years ago poet and prophet vied with each other for the honor of first having proclaimed the era of peace, the age of arbitration—today poet and prophet are silent, overwhelmed and chagrined by the era of barbarism, the age of war. In May, 1914, orators of the Intercollegiate Peace Association pointed in glowing terms to the third Hague Tribunal extending the olive branch to the nations of every land. In September of the same year the bloody hand of Mars flaunted its red banner from the burning heat of desert sand to the biting beasts of Alpine peaks.

There was talk of peace, but preparation for war. While press and pulpit were thus spreading the glad tidings of world peace, potentates and princes planned and put into execution the bitterest conflict of time, pawning men for power, justice for policy and decency for chance of gain; all in a desperate gamble of diplomacy. With what result? Today over hills and valleys, once as peaceful as these Catskills, over water once as placid as Lake Mohonk, Mars now reigns in fiendish mockery supreme over our boasted twentieth century civilization.

No wonder that confused and bewildered, unable to comprehend the reality of the tragedy, humanity is asking "How can it be?" "Are the

visions of prophets and bards but empty dreams?" "Are the plans of peace propagandists but products of idle fancy?" "Are treaties but mere scraps of paper when national honor is in question?" But the irony of the situation confronts us when we realize that if you and I were asked to state our position on war this evening, we would record ourselves as opposed to it, and yet, if tomorrow a call should be issued for volunteers to defend the nation's honor in Mexico, we might be found among the first to enlist.

That is the paradox we face. War, despised and condemned by individuals, yet upheld and sustained by nations. Convicted by reason, yet prolonged by passion. Without sanction of man or mind, yet it remains the most vital force in the world today.

In our search for the truth, let us note how wars originate. From the small groups of primitive times, men of common birth, of common characteristics, and of common language have grown into nations of thousands and millions, within which codes of personal arbitration have been developed. But due to jealousy in their relations with each other, these nations have resorted to pretense, intrigue, and secret diplomacy, upon the pretext of upholding national honor. A misunderstanding arises. Diplomatic relations are severed. And immediately militarists and mis-informed patriots, crying "our country right or wrong" extol the glories of a military conquest. And the country, conscious only of an injured pride, forgetting the lessons of the past, rushes to arms.

Now this is done all the more easily because from our earliest childhood, romanticists have pictured to us the glories of war on the one hand, and have lamented the commonplaces of peace on the other. We have been taught to look for the

deeds of daring and valor in their highest excellence only upon the battlefield. While men have been executed for murdering individuals, nations have been glorified for slaughtering thousands. The walls of our schoolhouses and art galleries have been decorated with pictures of romantic warfare—gallant Sheridans on galloping chargers. But the pictures of real warfare are never portrayed—crippled men, ravaged fields and desolate homes. Troops on dress parade march to the tune of the Marseillaise. But troops on the field of carnage fight to the infernal music of cannon, to the sound of bullets ripping in human flesh. We have been taught to honor the man who invents some new death-dealing device, while we pass by the man who invents for the happiness of mankind.

What can the glory of war mean to the soldier, smothered by asphyxiating clouds of death? Where is the grandeur of the charge, when electric wires stretch man and beast lifeless, when hidden mines erupt, hurling horse and rider into unrecognizable atoms to mingle with flying earth and stone.

Are we so destitute of reason that he represents the highest degree of patriotism whose body is mangled by shell or shattered by shrapnel? Is it a greater measure of devotion to die for one's country than to live for it?

But we are lured by striking phrases. Peace-loving citizens are told that national honor is no fit subject for arbitration. Inflamed jingoists brush aside calm investigation. In Great Britain they glory over the thought of a red-coated England charging on the field of Waterloo, and they forget that a ragged England was grinding out its life in the factories to furnish the wealth that paid for the victory.

So-called statesmen inform us that we need a large navy to increase and protect our commercial prestige. Yet after careful investigation, Norman Angell declared that relative to population, defenseless Norway has a carrying trade equal to three times that of Great Britain, boasted mistress of the seas; that England might build twenty dreadnaughts and not sell so much as a pen-knife the more in consequence.

Over and over again history records that the cost of war is in vain, that might often triumphs over right, that the true nobility of a people lies not in its capacity to fight, but in its capacity to secure human happiness, and that in the end, patient negotiation has ever been the most satisfactory arbiter of international differences. Will mankind ever apply the teaching of experience? Will reason ever rule the international mind? Will world peace ever triumph?

There should be no more any misgiving regarding the unmitigated curse of war. Its devilishness is compromised by no virtue. Economically it means waste; morally it means iniquity; industrially it means stagnation; and, nationally it means annihilation. Condemned by every standard of reason—yet it exists because of international jealousy fostered by ignorance and the lack of true convictions on the part of the people. This false standard of honor, this unequal presentation of the truth, this subterfuge of national defense is responsible for that condition of the public mind which permits soldiers to be levied, armaments to be increased, war to be declared, and nations to fight.

Just as long as military devotion to one's country is the criterion of patriotism, just so long must international peace be delayed. Real patri-

otism must come to mean more than mutilation of human beings. Real national honor must be based upon justice and not power.

War is the product of ages, the growth of centuries. We cannot suppose that any scheme will be able at a single operation to legislate it out of existence, for no scheme is stronger or better than the public opinion which supports it. The Hague Tribunal was forgotten a year ago last August. Primary to all plans of world-peace based upon an international police, must come a disillusionment of the popular mind. Peace is not a mere cessation of hostilities, but the abolition of the military spirit; not a mere contrivance for the settlement of disputes between nations but a state of mind in the people themselves.

The formula then for a real peace consists in the creation of a proper deep-seated public sentiment against war in its every phase. Public sentiment removed the walls from our cities. Public sentiment removed the fortresses from our state lines. And public sentiment can sweep the armadas from the seas and the Cossacks from the land.

Christianson never spoke truer than when in 1905 he declared: "Every government is in its last analysis a democracy. Kings may reign and parliaments may govern, but public opinion is the ultimate source of power. Louis XVI ruled when France was asleep. France awoke, and Louis was sent to the guillotine." Therein lies the solution to this paradox. It is public opinion drugged and illusioned which retains war; and it shall be public opinion, freed and enlightened which shall abolish war.

You ask me for my program. This—This is it—Unmask War! Abolish this false standard of honor! Abandon this false interpretation of war. Praise of martial exploits makes for militarism. Do

not reiterate the glories of war in times of peace and expect the people to refrain from it in times of crises. Do not sow the seeds of militancy and expect to reap a harvest of brotherly love. Do not fill the imaginative mind of youth with thought of martial splendor and expect the mature man to arbitrate for the sake of peace! War is not causeless, but senseless. Tell the whole tale. Let war be known for the farce that it really is. Spread to every land that war is a crime of high treason against humanity, exceeded only by the criminality of those who picture it as honorable. Strip it of sentiment. Vote appropriations not to educate for war, but to educate for peace; not to train men for fighting, but to train men for living. Teach it not as a nation's glory, but as a nation's shame, no longer as self-preservation, but self-destruction. The best defensive policy we as a people can adopt is to work for the dawn of lasting peace. Let war stand if stand it can, when truth be known in its true light—the spectre of ages, the ghost of barbarism, the haunter of civilization, the personification of "illegitimate ambition, debauched conscience, treacherous craft and national tragedy."

Rewrite history with a pen dipped in the fountain of truth. Forget the Gettysburgs and Waterloos! Emphasize the national highways, the industrial courts, and Panama Canals! Celebrate the triumphs of peace. Take down the Caesars, the Napoleons and the Wellingtons of the past. Raise up the Maeterlincks, the Tolstoys and the Gladstones of the present. Dethrone the god of war, enthrone the Prince of Peace.

In the strength of these ideals this phantom of militarism can be crushed. Real patriotism, not passion; universal knowledge, not ignorance; pride of right, not might; love for man, not envy—these

are the virtues of truth. These are the true standards of equity and justice. These spell the end of international jealousy. These bring in the day of promise. These usher in the brotherhood of man—the birth of world-peace.

"Then let us pray, that come it may
As come it will for all that,
That sense and worth, o'er all the earth
May bear the crown an' a' that.

For a' that an' a' that
It's coming yet for a' that,
That man to man the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that."

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